The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

LET THE SUNSHINE IN

"March 16 is the birthday of James Madison, our fourth President. We choose this day to celebrate our freedom of access to information about government because Madison . . . never ceased to mention the freedoms that help us learn everything we need to know about matters relating to our liberties and all public concerns."

In one of the choice ironies of the Reagan Administration, these stirring words came from the pen (so to speak) of the President himself in 1987, proclaiming March 16 as Freedom of Information Day. The irony is that information about government has never been less free.

Citizen groups armed with indignation, the pen, the lawsuit, legislative advocacy and the vote have vowed to halt the Administration's constriction of citizens' right to know in this last year of Reagan. Groups such as the American Civil Liberties Union, the American Library Association, the Government Accountability Project, the National Security Archive, OMB Watch, People for the American Way, Public Citizen, FOIA Inc., the Advocacy Institute and others have formed the Right to Know Committee of Correspondence to draw common strength for the battles they are waging against information deprivation.

John Shattuck and Muriel Morisey Spence, both of Harvard University's Office of Government, Community and Public Affairs, have cowritten a comprehensive analysis of the Administration's assault on freedom of information. They call on the next President to issue the orders and messages necessary to improve the public's presumptive right to know, and on Congress to pass appropriate legislation.

How fitting it would be if the next President were to take such action on March 16, 1989. Madison would have found that a birthday well worth celebrating.

WHO'S WHO
Calvin Trillin

WHAT PALESTINIANS WANT
Mona Rishmawi

WHILE E.P.A. FIDDLES
Liane Clorfene Casten

WALDHEIM AND HISTORY
Anson Rabinbach

BRAWLEY AND OTHERS
Jeff Jones

THE BLACK CONDITION
Roger Wilkins

AN INTERNATION STORY

U.S. FUNDS FOR SOVIET DISSIDENTS

KEVIN COOGAN AND KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

In recent months the independent Soviet journal *Glasnost*, created last July by a few former political prisoners, has become an important alternative source of news for the Western press. *Glasnost*'s reports on dissident activity and protests have generated scores of news stories in the United States and Europe. The publication has also become a yardstick of liberalization within the Soviet Union. Just a week after the signing of the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty in December, *Newsweek* reported that "*Glasnost* is like the canary in the coal mine. Should the bird be suffocated so, too, might the movement whose name it bears." *Glasnost* is a worthy publication, but it has a potential albatross around its neck, in the form of its U.S. distributor, a small New York–based foundation run by Russian émigrés, the Center for Democracy.

The center received $15,000 from the National Endowment for Democracy in late 1987 to translate *Glasnost* into English and distribute it in the West. The link between the center and *Glasnost* is disturbing because, as documents obtained by InterNation under the Freedom of Information Act show, the center first received U.S. government funds through the N.E.D. in 1985 for a program that more closely resembled intelligence-gathering than human rights work.

An investigation of the center shows that, while using the rhetoric of democracy and human rights, it has conducted activities that recklessly endanger and potentially discredit dissidents and independent political activity in the Soviet Union—or so believe members of the

(*Continued on Page 378*)

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LETTERS.

LEAR ON SOREL

New York City

I am thrilled with the words in the lower right-hand box on page 293 in the March 5 *Nation* [see "Enter Sexism, Vindictive" and Edward Sorel, "Enter Queen Lear, Triumphant"], and I send everyone my gratitude for being right-on. I wonder about Sorel. I fail to see why he failed to see my still-steamy good looks. *Frances Lear, Triumphant*

LEERY

New York City

What has made the left so traditionally condescending to its artists? Edward Sorel is one of the great cartoonists and caricaturists of this century. Whether one agrees with his every cartoon or not, it seems to me that after thirty years of work on a level that is simply extraordinary, he shouldn't have to pass an ideological means test to get in *The Nation*'s pages. That thirty-four staff members tried to suppress Sorel when they disagreed with him reveals a contempt for the right of free expression that is not only shortsighted but, as Sorel's colleagues well know, predictable. *Jules Feiffer*

POETIC JUSTICE

Oracle, Ariz.

Thank you for publishing Dana Gioia's review of the new Robinson Jeffers anthology, *Rock and Hawk* [Jan. 16]. Gioia's bold, brave defense of Jeffers's poetry was much needed, long overdue and brilliantly presented. Jeffers is one of our great and basic American poets, right in there with Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost and William Carlos Williams. Jeffers in fact was more than a great poet; he was a great prophet. Everything he wrote about the corruption of empire, the death of democracy, the destruction of our planet and the absurd self-centered vanity of the human animal has come true tenfold since his time. Let justice be done—even in the literary world! *Edward Abbey*

A POX ON US

Chicago

I read the editorial "W.H.O. Needs It?" in the January 9 issue several times, because I couldn't believe that it didn't mention the greatest achievement of the World Health Organization (and therefore the United Nations); that is, the eradication of smallpox from the face of the earth. There has not been a single case of wild smallpox anywhere in the world since October 1977.

Dr. Herbert I. Lerner

THE RED AND THE BLACK

New York City

With regard to Andrew Kopkind's piece "Is Jesse the Great White Hope?" [Dec. 26/Jan. 2], I'd like to correct a couple misperceptions Kopkind seems to have about the recent political history of the Democratic Socialists of America.

First, Kopkind offers up a left-handed compliment that we in D.S.A. have influence far beyond our numbers because we are a "legitimizer" of acceptable left-wing behavior for guilty liberals and unaffiliated radicals. That seems to me a cheap shot at liberals and radicals—guilty or otherwise—at a time in which we need more of all sorts of such folk. I would emphasize D.S.A.'s value to the Jackson campaign in a different way; namely, through our ties to broad forces on the democratic left in the unions, among feminists, on campuses and in the Democratic Party.

Second, Kopkind seems to imply that D.S.A. did not endorse Jackson in 1984 so as not to alienate our labor and feminist allies who, he judges, weren't "ready" to back a black candidate. Wrong. D.S.A. does not operate on a 51-49 winner-take-all ethos. Rather, particularly with political endorsements, we seek to develop a consensus position. In 1984 the broad Democratic left was divided among Mondale (who rightfully was thought to have the best shot of taking out Reagan), Jackson and a covey of minor aspirants (Cranston, McGovern, etc.). D.S.A. was also divided and therefore made no endorsement, instead encouraging our people to work with any of the progressive contenders. It is, in my view, doubtful that Jackson would have run better than a close second behind Mondale among our members then. And not because of "guilt" or any reluctance to accept black leadership.

We should remember that many on the Democratic left placed their support behind the candidate thought capable of putting forward the strongest challenge to Reagan. It's easy to forget that the Gallup Poll taken the day after the 1984 Democratic convention showed Mondale/Ferraro only one point behind Reagan/Bush. Then came Ferraro's troubles and an unbelievably bad campaign strategy, which doomed such chances as existed. Jackson's campaign in 1988 is quite different from 1984's. Like it or not, it is more coalition-oriented, pro-labor and social democratic and less nationalist.

This year, in a poll of the D.S.A. membership, 51 percent chose Jackson to 20 percent for Simon, 6 percent for Dukakis, 15 percent for no endorsement and 8 percent for the rest of the field. At our national convention, just concluded, our Democratic Socialist political action committee voted by 92 percent to endorse Jackson. We understand that there are some in D.S.A. and on the left who disagree with the endorsement either because of differences with Jackson or preferences for other candidates. Still, Jackson is the only candidate really addressing the gut economic issues that affect the poor, working people and the middle class. The Democrats, however left-leaning on foreign policy or social issues, can build a majority only by articulating a populist progressive economic platform and program. Parroting neoliberal technocracy just won't cut it.

Finally, Kopkind seems to imply that a "labor-led" coalition and a "black-led" coalition are mutually exclusive. The significant support that Jackson has garnered from labor at the national and grass-roots levels belies that assertion. So, too, does the fact that upward of 20 percent of unionists are black or Hispanic. D.S.A. has long believed that labor has to be a key part of any majoritarian progressive movement. We still do.

Patrick Lacefield
Organizational Director
Democratic Socialists of America

KOPKIND REPLIES

New York City

"Left-handed compliments" may not be to D.S.A. organizational director Patrick Lacefield's liking, but they are the only kind that he is likely to get around here. But seriously, D.S.A. makes no claim to be a mass organization, and although it has already helped the Jackson campaign in a number of ways (especially in supplying youth organizers to various field offices), its major significance still seems to me to be in giving Jackson its seal of approval. Let's not overestimate our links to broad forces.

I've discussed the difficult history of relations between Jesse Jackson and D.S.A. with many members of the organization, including students who were quite annoyed at its leaders' refusal to embrace or even accept the Rainbow campaign in 1984. It is true that the "broad Democratic left" was divided among Mondale, Jackson and other liberal candidates in the 1984 primary season; it is equally true today that lib/labs are split. Maybe that's why the Democratic left isn't broader than it is. There are some people in and around D.S.A. who would, in one young member's words, "rather hope for some piddling influence in a Paul Simon Administration than join a black-led progressive campaign." There are also some who fear that those old, broad forces are still not ready for black leadership. Call it what you will, that translates for me as opportunism at best, and racism at worst.

Andrew Kopkind

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

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EDITORIALS.

Now We Are Three

On the face of it, Super Tuesday produced an ambiguous jumble of results for the various Democratic candidates. Governor Michael Dukakis won the most delegates, but he did not, after all, penetrate the Deep South or make a big hit with small-town, small-income white voters, to say nothing of the blacks who went for Walter Mondale in 1984. Dukakis did best with the "Northern fringe" of suburbanites, condo retirees and Hispanics in or near the South (in Maryland, Florida and Texas) and placed second in the total "raw vote" count, which does not augur well for his chances in the South if he is the nominee in November. Senator Albert Gore Jr. did much better than expected in his core constituency, the white Southern conservatives, and may have permanently retired Representative Richard Gephardt, who was after the same people. Gore's dicey strategy paid off to the extent that he won six Southern states, but he trailed in the raw vote and delegate count. Jesse Jackson won five states, outpolled everyone in the raw vote (more than 9 million ballots were cast), came in second in the delegate contest and was the only Democrat to get delegates in every state. He also scored best

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in the other candidates' home states, coming in second in Dukakis's Massachusetts (with almost 20 percent of the vote), Gore's Tennessee and Gephardt's Missouri. And yet Jackson has not yet made such substantial inroads in the white South that he can claim his new populist majority is here at last.

But primaries are only partly about winning nominations. They are also playing fields for the battles that will determine the political configuration and ideological drift of the parties for the next four years, at least. The McGovern campaign in 1972 remade the Democratic Party and reduced Lyndon Johnson's previously powerful war wing to a shadowy, snarling minority. Walter Mondale's disastrous campaign in 1984 kept the dead hand of the post-McGovern party establishment on the control stick.

In that regard, Super Tuesday points to startling developments. Each of the major players (and now there are three) tried in the South to win elements for a new formula of power, not only in the election campaign but in the Democratic Party as an institution. No one will ever be able to reproduce the old New Deal coalition, which was based in too large a measure on tolerance for white political privilege and racial repression in the South. The Dukakis plan was to bring the "New South" into partnership with his Northern base of upper-income liberals, white labor unions and big-city political organizations. Gore's strategy was to put the same crowd together with the Democratic yuppies, unreconstructed cold warriors, former pot smokers and white rock-and-rollers to whom he is making a generational appeal. Jackson's idea was to target and organize the progressive parts of the New South, add them to the parti-colored elements of the Rainbow in the North and make a permanent, expandable caucus within the Democratic Party that can not only provide votes, work and energy for a national campaign but reorder politics on the local level.

Of those strategies for shaping the political identity of the party, Jackson's gained the most from Super Tuesday's voting. The local returns cannot yet be analyzed in detail, but the extent of his success "at the base" already changes politics in the cities and countryside of the South. The process of replacing the old white power structure, which began in Mississippi in the summer of 1964, had a kind of apotheosis throughout the South last week, almost a quarter-century later. It's not kingdom come, but all eyes are now on the prize.

InterNation Log

Last year this magazine launched an experiment in investigative reporting called InterNation [see cover story]. The basic idea is that a global network of reporters contribute stories of international interest. Thus far, six InterNation articles have appeared in a consortium of publications, including The New Statesman ***(U.K.),*** L'Evenement du Jeudi ***(France),*** Vrij Nederland ***(Holland),*** L'Espresso ***(Italy),*** Information ***(Denmark),*** El Periodista de Buenos Aires ***(Argentina),*** Helsingin Sanomat ***(Finland),*** Sydsvenska Dagbladet ***and*** Dagens Nyheter ***(Sweden) and*** El Proceso ***(Mexico). Most of the stories are still "alive"; here are follow-ups on three of them.***

Noxious Exports. The article by Andrew Porterfield and David Weir of the Center for Investigative Reporting on U.S. dumping of hazardous wastes in Third World countries was widely circulated in the New York and Paris offices of the United Nations Environment Program [see "The Export of U.S. Toxic Wastes," October 3]. It was also extensively cited during a General Assembly debate last December, which resulted in the passage of a resolution calling for an end to illicit international shipments of toxic wastes and an investigation by the U.N.E.P.

According to sources at the Environmental Protection Agency, the story helped spur an internal investigation by the office of Inspector General John Martin into the scope of such exports from the United States. In the course of that probe the government discovered a ship laden with toxic wastes bound for Panama. The shipment was turned away after Porterfield and Weir revealed the story on the *CBS Evening News.* The renegade vessel is now anchored off the coast near Philadelphia.

Conintern. The Heritage Foundation's drive to become a kind of Conservative International, funding and working with rightist groups in Europe, is proceeding apace [see "The Heritage Foundation Goes Abroad," June 6]. The foundation's 1986 tax return shows contributions of $187,254 to the London-based Institute for European Defense and Strategic Studies, up from $151,273 in 1985. And Internal Revenue Service documents confirm that $50,000 was donated to the shadowy International Freedom Fund run by a former C.I.A. contract employee, Brian Crozier, which had previously received $140,000 from Heritage. Since 1982, Heritage's subventions to its European comrades have totaled more than $1 million.

The story prompted an investigation by the French weekly *L'Evenement du Jeudi,* which uncovered links between Heritage and a number of prominent French political groups and personalities, including the *L'Express* publishing empire, owned by British press baron Jimmy Goldsmith, and the Club de l'Horloge, which specializes in attacking critics of Western-style development in the Third World.

Drug Bust. In his story on Jorge Luis Ochoa Vásquez, Martin A. Lee reported that the Colombian drug kingpin owes his current freedom in part to the Reagan Administration's efforts to implicate the Nicaraguan government in drug trafficking [see "How the Drug Czar Got Away," September 5]. Spanish courts accepted Ochoa's charge that the U.S. Justice Department had offered to file an improper extradition request in return for his testimony that the Sandinistas were involved in the cocaine trade. Extradition to the United States was denied and he was deported to Colombia, where after serving a brief prison sentence he disappeared from sight. Attorney General Edwin Meese 3d expressed "shock and distress" at Ochoa's release, and the

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Customs Service stepped up inspections of Colombian goods entering this country. Nothing was said about the role that the Administration's obsession with overthrowing the Sandinistas played in Ochoa's release.

In Dubious Battle

Once upon a time, it would have been hard to imagine Representatives Barney Frank, George Miller and Mike Lowry—leading lights of the Democratic Party's left—fighting for *contra* aid. In the past, liberals who opposed the *contras* have voted against nonmilitary assistance on the principle that "nonlethal" aid keeps the rebels in the field and frees up resources for killing. But tradition was broken two weeks ago, when the House took up yet another so-called humanitarian aid package dubbed the "Democratic alternative" and designed by the House leadership. The battle over the no-weapons plan, which failed 216 to 208, demonstrated precisely why the *contra* aid debate eludes final settlement and puts progressives through contortions.

Frank et al. were not renegades. Of the 207 Democrats who voted against military aid to the *contras* last month, all but thirty-one supported the bill, which would have sent the rebels $14.5 million in food, clothing, medicine and shelter and provided a like amount for prosthetics and medical treatment of children victimized by the war. Also behind it was a long list of groups that have fought *contra* aid, including Americans for Democratic Action, Common Cause, Countdown '87, the Episcopal Church's Washington office, the Presbyterian Church and the Washington Office on Latin America. But there was a split among liberals. Opposing the bill was a band of fourteen liberal Democrats, including Ronald Dellums and Patricia Schroeder, who are against any aid to the *contras*. Other prominent members of the anti-*contra* lobby—Witness for Peace, American Baptist Churches U.S.A. and the Church of the Brethren—took the same stand. By the accounts of Democratic members and lobbyists, the split did not cause any great acrimony. The lobbying groups opposing the package even went so far as to let it be known that members who voted for the aid plan would face no retribution.

Frank & Company's embrace of the measure was prompted by a desire to placate the small gang of self-styled moderate Democrats who have seesawed on the issue and who hold the balance of power. On February 3 these members, led by Representative Dave McCurdy, had voted against the Administration-supported bill providing military aid to the rebels. That gave the opponents of *contra* aid an all-too-slim 219-member majority. How to keep this coalition together? To win the McCurdy group's vote against military aid, House Speaker Jim Wright had promised to introduce a nonlethal Democratic alternative. "After the February 3 vote, during negotiations on the alternative, it was clear that the moderate Democrats would bolt and go with whatever the Republicans wanted if there were no Democratic package for them," says one Democratic House aide involved in the *contra* debate. The Republicans' alternative, which later failed, called for C.I.A. involvement in supplying the material aid (which would have included jeeps, communication equipment and spare parts) and guaranteed another Congressional vote on a weapons package.

Hoping to keep the antimilitary aid majority intact and to avoid—even at the cost of $30 million—another vote on lethal assistance, Frank, Miller, Lowry and seven other liberals circulated a letter among House members and peace groups, arguing that the Democratic measure was the only way the House could thwart the resurrection of military aid. "This was a key turning point," the House aide says. Frank notes that "the whole last round was about trying to keep fifteen moderate Democrats from defecting from us."

Not all liberals bought the argument. "Any aid is aid to the *contras*, whether it is called 'humanitarian aid' or something else, and the purpose of the *contras* is to kill, kill and kill," Gus Savage shouted from the floor. Barbara Boxer agonized over the vote for weeks. Her best friends in the House were urging her to support the plan. "I would get to the point where I could intellectually say, That's right. I have to vote for *contra* aid to stop *contra* aid," she recalls. "But then I would say, Hold on. I couldn't make the leap."

On the day of the vote, the protests of Boxer, Savage and others were disregarded, as most liberals held their noses and took the plunge. On the floor of the House, Miller said, "This will be one of the most difficult votes I have cast in my fourteen years as a member of this body." Voting for *contra* aid "in any form and for any reason, causes us anguish because we must compromise on a policy we despise," he said. But it was payback time. The moderates had come aboard on a military aid vote. "Now, it is our turn to take a risk, to cast the tough vote to give peace a chance," Miller argued. "Because if this vote fails, make no mistake, the policy of arming the *contras* wins." It was only "after extended soul-searching" that Representative Ted Weiss signed on, convinced the Democratic plan was "absolutely essential . . . to hold off renewed military assistance" and to show the rebels that "peace negotiations are the only option that can be pursued fruitfully."

Despite the dire predictions, the Democrats' failure to win passage of the package has not yet resulted in a stampede of the moderates for new military support. That's because the liberals kept their side of the bargain. "Miller, Frank and Lowry really busted their asses trying to make this work," the Congressional aide notes. The McCurdyites, says Frank, have more reason to be angered at their twenty conservative Democratic colleagues and the many Republicans who voted against the aid plan than at the liberals, who gave it their best shot. Inadvertently, the latter achieved the best of both worlds: no *contra* aid and no alienated moderates. Eventually, some form of tribute will have to be paid to the McCurdy bunch. "We're trying to push a plan whereby Congressional leaders would go to Central America and see who is really holding up the cease-fire talks, i.e., the *contras*," the House aide says. It is still uncertain whether any new legislative initiative will surface before the appropria-

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tions bills reach the House floor in June or July, when the fight will flare up again. Right now, all eyes are on the Senate, where *contra* supporters are talking with the White House about introducing a measure that could revive military aid.

In the House, Frank calculates, there are 410 members who are locked into positions for or against *contra* aid, with neither side commanding a majority. Twenty to thirty members—the McCurdy group—keep jumping back and forth. "There is an unusually stable instability," Frank says. What will prevent the fifteen or so key moderates from picking up their marbles and going back to the White House? For now, they seem to be sitting still. Nevertheless, for most liberal Democrats, the vexing issue of aid to the *contras*—which addresses fundamental questions about America's role in the world—may well continue to be framed, for better or worse, by tactical concerns rather than by grander notions. "Frank and the others are open about it," Boxer notes. "They say this is guerrilla warfare."

DAVID CORN

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CALVIN TRILLIN

Pat Robertson is not a television evangelist. I heard him say so. He's a successful broadcasting executive. If the Pope were running in the presidential primaries, he would be the chief executive officer of a giant multinational outfit, with headquarters in Rome. Jimmy Bakker is a retired broadcasting figure and business leader. Jessica Hahn is a model. Let's keep everything straight.

George Bush is a Texas wildcatter who built a business the hard way. He lived ten years in a town where there weren't any coming-out parties. He lived in a place where, if you asked for hors d'oeuvres at the country club bar, they brought you Fritos. We're talking here about the hard way. So don't go calling him a preppy who had everything handed to him on a silver platter—not unless you'd like him to rearrange your teeth for you. This guy is tough.

And don't go calling Tammy Bakker what you were calling her that got such a big laugh at Kiwanis the other day (I don't even want to repeat it). Tammy Bakker is a former broadcasting figure and a composer of popular songs. The leaders of the *contras* are the moral equivalent of our Founding Fathers. Donna Rice is also a model. Got it?

Gary Hart is a populist. Richard Gephardt is a populist. Robert Dole is a populist. Paul Simon is a populist. Jack Kemp is a populist. George Bush is a tough populist. Pierre du Pont is a populist. Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, is a populist, although, as they say in Iowa, not so's you'd know it. Henri d'Orleans, Count of Paris and Pretender to the Throne of France, is a populist. So are they all—all populists.

Robert Dole is a poor boy from Russell, Kansas. So don't go calling him a sophisticated Senate insider—not unless you're prepared to hear a lot of poor-mouthing about what it was like back then. Bob Dole built a rough childhood the hard way. Here's what was hard about it: He didn't realize that he'd ever be able to use it in a presidential campaign. He thought it was nothing but a rough childhood. Dole must have figured that when he grew up he was going to make a living the way other people in Russell, Kansas, did: as a hardware store proprietor or an oil-well capper or a seed salesman. A rough childhood wouldn't have done a hardware store proprietor much good.

Imagine the proprietor of a hardware store pulling a customer aside and saying, "I had it rough back then, I can tell you that."

"Well, I guess a lot of us around here had it sort of rough, Bob," the customer would say. "I'm kind of in a hurry for that number four sprocket, Bob, if you could just maybe take a look for it."

Maybe somebody in Russell—somebody like that nice Miss Hester, at the library—realized that a rough childhood would stand Bob Dole in good stead some day. "You ought to be grateful that you're shoveling grain in this 95 degree heat, Robert," she'd say. "Because in a presidential campaign someday that sort of thing may allow you to make a tough Texas wildcatter look like a spoiled rich kid."

"Well, since you think it's so nice, Miss Hester," Dole would say, "maybe you'd like to finish shoveling that carload over there."

"If you're going to be President, Robert," Miss Hester would say, "you're going to have to watch that smart tongue of yours."

Anyway, Robert Dole is a poor boy from Russell, Kansas. Edwin Meese 3d is innocent until proven guilty. He's innocent until proven guilty on the Wedtech thing and innocent until proven guilty on the telephone contract thing and innocent until proven guilty on the Iraq pipeline thing and innocent until proven guilty on the Iran/*contra* thing. Edwin Meese is the chief executive officer of a large multi-innocent outfit, with headquarters in Washington.

Remember: Pat Robertson is a broadcasting executive who ran the fifth-largest cable network in the country. (The people who run the first four largest cable networks in the country have decided not to run for President this time around.) So don't go calling him a television evangelist—not unless you want to make him mad enough to send a hurricane your way. Broadcasting executives can do that sort of thing. Jessica Hahn is a model. Donna Rice is a model. So are they all—all models. Not George Bush. George Bush is a Texas wildcatter who built a business the hard way. Richard Gephardt is a populist. Henri d'Orleans, Count of Paris and Pretender to the Throne of France, is a populist. Ronald Reagan is President of the United States.

Got it?

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

With the triple echo of "swagger," "braggart" and "swag," you might have thought J.S. was a creature of the Dickensian imagination. But in point of fact, it was Shakespeare who anticipated Jimmy. King Lear is never more lucid than when the mania is upon him. Observing sagely that when you take a square look at "the great image of authority" you are forced to notice that "a dog's obeyed in office," he suddenly switches tack and exclaims:

> Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
> Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;
> Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
> For which thou whip'st her.

This will not be surpassed as a diagnosis of the Swaggart phenomenon, at least as far as it concerns moral censure. What is it about the religious hypocrites of the Reagan era? What demon drives them straight from the pulpit to the motel? And it is not merely the gap between precept and practice that is so striking but the desire to punish other backsliders. It was Swaggart, by then a hardened votary of the cult of Onan, who felt driven to call Jim Bakker "a cancer on the body of Christ"—*a cancer on the body of Christ!*—for his wretched moment with Jessica Hahn. (I presume that in religious circles that passes as quite a severe criticism.) It was Representative Robert Bauman who, as a State Senator from Maryland haunting the leather bars, personally intervened to crush a bill that would have banned housing discrimination against homosexuals in Maryland.

Representative Jon Hinson of Mississippi, who had issued furious denunciations of homosexuality and had indignantly denied all the rumors concerning himself, was caught *in flagrante delicto* by the Capitol Hill cops in a celebrated men's room. (For him there was no forgiveness from the back-home Republican Party, because the other man in the encounter was black.) And so on. In a sense, it is misleading to call these contrasts hypocritical. There is no contradiction between the hatred of self and the hatred of others; in fact it is the congruence of the two disorders that acts as the emotional seedbed for bigotry and, in extreme cases, for fascism.

Which raises the question, What were the Sandinistas doing when they welcomed Jimmy Swaggart to Managua? Between February 12 and 14, this bigmouth friend of Pinochet and d'Aubuisson was conducting his crusade in the heart of Nicaragua. Obviously, he has a perfect right to hire a stadium and hustle for custom. But he was greeted at the airport by government officials, cordially received by Daniel Ortega and allowed to make free use of the main plaza next to the cathedral, which is normally consecrated to the martyrs of the revolution.

The official line, which is that the Sandinistas thus displayed their commitment to religious pluralism, is disingenuous. As well as being anti-Jewish and anti-gay, Swaggart is hysterically and demagogically anti-Catholic, and the fact that he was given state indulgence is unlikely to be a coincidence. His proselytizing was a direct challenge to Cardinal Obando y Bravo, who is just as pro-*contra* as Swaggart but a touch more slimy and evasive about it. Nobody dislikes the Pope and the Cardinal more than this author, but it doesn't drive me into the arms of Ian Paisley or Bob Jones.

I was pleased to see that on February 18 the Managua leftist daily *El Nuevo Diario* published some strong criticism of Swaggart and his visit. So did *La Prensa,* though it couched its disagreement in rather different terms. So far, no one in the American left press has been as censorious as *El Nuevo Diario,* which is odd when you reflect that Swaggart directs most of his poison at American targets. It wasn't very fraternal of the Nicaraguan government to do Swaggart the honor of providing his last official welcome. Incidentally, when I wrote a column last April urging the reopening of *La Prensa,* I got a lot of nasty mail about doing the dirty work of the Reagan Administration. Now that the Sandinistas have not only reopened the newspaper but also lifted censorship of its vile reports, is there nobody on the left with the courage to denounce it for this "objective" collusion with the forces of reaction? Or was the logic not meant to stretch that far?

* * *

The astonishing and moving demonstrations in the Soviet Armenian Republic are now being solemnly analyzed by the very Kremlinologists who told us to watch out for Moslem dissent only a few years ago. So far, with Baltic, Armenian and Byelorussian Christians setting the pace, these profound augurers are as reliable as usual. The conditions in Yerevan and Nagorno-Karabakh were no doubt long overdue for *perestroika*, but at least they were partially reported in the Soviet media, and a delegation of Armenian writers was received by Gorbachev. Across the border in the NATO front-line state of Turkey, Armenian culture has been erased. Historic maps and books that show the existence of Armenia before World War I have been pulped and burned. The least expression of Armenian national identity is treated as a crime.

The Reagan Administration is directly complicit in this obliteration. It urges Congress not to recognize the Armenian day of remembrance, which should properly fall next month and which recalls the extirpation carried out by the Turkish authorities in 1915. This silence is justified by the need not to offend a friendly dictatorship and eager customer for American weapons. When Michael Arlen wrote his affecting *Passage to Ararat* in 1975, he visited Turkey after his trip to Soviet Armenia and expressed the nuances of "moral equivalence" thus:

> I thought of Yerevan, with its inelegance and dust, its rocks and factory smoke and pink stone apartment buildings, its Stalinist graves, its airport police, its decided lack of anything as lovely as the Bosphorus at sunset and thought: Well, at least you were on some kind of solid ground there—you were somebody there.

This realization shows that, as ever, cold war thinking is completely useless as a guide to any serious subject.

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ARTICLES.

WHAT PALESTINIANS WANT

Let Our People Go

MONA RISHMAWI

Ramallah, the West Bank, February 10

Today I went to visit 24-year-old Ziyad at the hospital. He had been admitted on January 25, after someone found him sitting at the gate of the military government compound here, bleeding from wounds incurred from a beating, unable to move. I looked at Ziyad; his wounded face and bandaged arms, hands and legs were telling a clear story. He showed me the blue, black, yellow and red marks that covered his body. In the past six years, I have met dozens of Palestinian victims of Israeli abuse in my work as a human rights lawyer. But the cruelty of those who had done this to Ziyad was more than I could handle.

He told me that on the night of January 24, a large unit of Israeli soldiers had come to his house, in the village of Silwad, to arrest him. Neither he nor his family was informed of the reason for the arrest. As the commander of the unit was handcuffing Ziyad, he unexpectedly and without provocation bit him on the hand. Much later, in the hospital following his arrest, Ziyad's hand had to be operated on. But that night, he was not treated for his injury. A kaffiyeh was tied around his face and he was taken from his house to a bus that was full of soldiers. Ziyad told me that the soldiers beat him severely. He was then taken to the military government compound in Ramallah, where he was beaten again. He spent the night, handcuffed and hooded, being beaten intermittently by various soldiers. The next morning two attempts were made to send Ziyad to prison, but the driver of the prison van refused to take him, saying that the prison would not accept him in his condition.

Then someone finally had the idea that Ziyad should be seen by a doctor. At the military clinic, the first attention he received was from a soldier sweeping the floor—who tried to attack him with his broom but failed when the soldier accompanying Ziyad managed to shield him. Inside the clinic, the aggressive soldier put down his broom, pulled on a white coat and began to examine Ziyad in what he later described as an extremely painful manner. This soldier was in fact the clinic's nurse.

In the end, Ziyad was seen by a doctor who said that he should be hospitalized. Instead, he was taken back to the military compound. At around 8 in the evening a soldier took him to the outside gate and left him lying there. The driver of a passing car saw him and brought him to the Ramallah hospital.

As I looked at Ziyad, I saw the physical pain in his eyes. Yet, too, his eyes were full of strength, confidence and determination. Ziyad knows that he is not alone, that there are hundreds of Palestinians who have been beaten by Israeli soldiers during the current uprising, from ages 7 to 70. Aside from the beatings, army bullets have killed a minimum of 75 people and injured at least 750. Curfews have been imposed on towns, camps and villages as a form of collective punishment; often ambulances and other vehicles have not been allowed in or out of places under curfew, so the injured cannot be brought to a hospital and no food can be brought in—leading in some cases to serious food shortages.

It is not difficult to understand the Israeli reaction to the current uprising, but it is difficult to rationalize it. For twenty years, the Israeli authorities have based their rule on false assumptions. And not only have they deluded themselves, they have also tried to convince the international community of the validity of these assumptions. From the beginning of the occupation they have divided Palestinians living under their rule into two categories: the good guys and the bad guys. The good guys are those who support "coexistence" between Palestinians and Israelis, which in the Israeli view means that they stop being Palestinian nationalists and that they accept not only Israel but also its policies and actions in the occupied territories. Those, on the other hand, who do not accept this type of coexistence and support Palestinian nationalism are the bad guys; for convenience' sake, they are all labeled terrorists. The authorities have always claimed that most of the Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza are good guys and that they are incited against the occupation by a small minority, which itself is instigated by the Palestine Liberation Organization.

Israel has assumed that the Palestinians in the territories would, and should, remain silent as they were driven off their land to make way for Jewish settlers—who have come from Israel and abroad to live in Greater Israel. More than 52 percent of the total land area in the West Bank (not including East Jerusalem) and 40 percent in Gaza has come under Israeli control in the past twenty years. Currently, some 65,000 armed Jewish settlers are living in colonies located in the midst of a Palestinian population of 1.5 million.

Israel has assumed that if it ruled Palestinians with an iron fist it would cow them into submission [see Micah L. Sifry, "After the 'Iron Fist'—What?" February 13]. Israel has assumed that if it successfully banned the Palestinian flag; if it banned certain books, to prevent Palestinians from reading about their own history and culture; and if it stopped them from picking and eating *za'tar* (thyme), one of their national foods, then Palestinians might simply forget their identity and culture. Israelis thought that if they called the P.L.O. a "terrorist organization" they would undermine its legitimacy. By preventing an authentic local leadership from

Mona Rishmawi, a Ramallah attorney, is a member of the executive committee of al-Haq, a Palestinian human rights organization and the West Bank affiliate of the International Commission of Jurists.

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emerging—through bans on elections of, for example, municipal councils and trade unions, on the basis that they were linked to the P.L.O., and through selective arrests and deportations of prominent members of the Palestinian community—they have been able to claim, disingenuously, that there is no Palestinian leadership with whom they could sit down to negotiate peace.

The uprising that is now taking place has proved the emptiness of these assumptions, and the Israeli authorities have been caught on the wrong foot. Their response has been unrealistic, irrational and severe, aside from being in clear violation of international legal and moral standards.

We Palestinians living under occupation do not need to be incited by anyone to be reminded of the humiliation, of the injustice that we face every day in the Israeli military courts, of the intolerable conditions under which we have been forced to live. The uprising has demonstrated in no uncertain way that Palestinians do not accept Israeli rule in whatever form. Pamphlets distributed by what is known as the United National Leadership for the Uprising in the Occupied Territories have defined the goals of the uprising as bringing, among other things: an end to the "iron fist" policy, including deportations, administrative detentions and house demolitions; an end to the violation of holy places by the army; an end to the army's harassment of the population and the shooting of individual Palestinians; free elections and the dissolution of the Israeli-appointed municipal councils in the territories; cancellation of the value-added tax; the release of all prisoners detained during the uprising, especially given the arbitrary nature of most of the arrests; and the closure of the special detention centers in Dhahariya, al-Far'a and Ansar II, where conditions are inhuman.

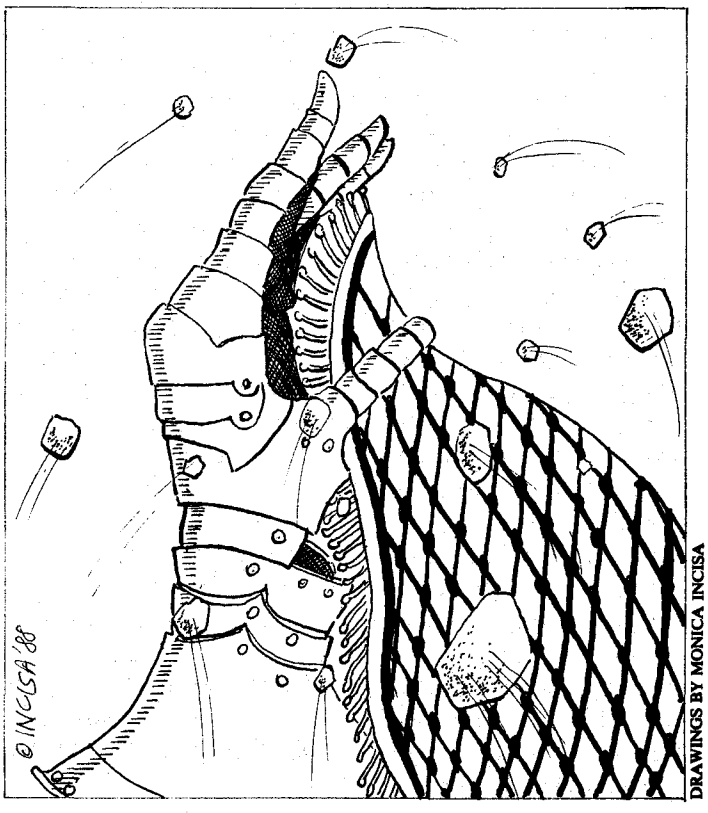
If Israel wants to show good faith in promoting peace efforts and thus end the uprising, the above constitutes an agenda it can start with. The essential first step is for Israel to begin dealing directly with what Palestinians consider their authentic leadership, the P.L.O., as a legitimate party in the conflict, irrespective of what Israel may think of it. The alternative—crushing the popular uprising by force—will fail and only strengthen the Palestinians' determination to rid themselves of the military occupation. Unfortunately, a display of good faith has not been part of the Israeli strategy. It therefore falls to others to pressure the Israeli authorities into taking realistic steps toward peace and justice, not only for the sake of the Palestinians but also for the sake of Israel itself.

I am reminded of the words of an Israeli peace activist who, speaking in June 1987 on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Israeli occupation, said to an audience of Palestinians, and here I paraphrase: It isn't you that I am worried about. You have time and history on your side. History has taught us that during times of oppression the oppressed unite, organize themselves, become more sophisticated and feel their strength, the moral power derived from being victims. Oppression pulls the society together and engenders the best in it. It is my people I am worried about. History has taught us also that in such times the oppressor loses what remains of his moral values; his defensiveness makes him arrogant and blind. He becomes more brutal and loses his sense of reason. His community splits and any victory that he gains during this period is temporary. History has taught us that he cannot win.

The response that we, the Palestinians, have received from the world community (except the United States) has reaffirmed our confidence in that community's sense of justice. The United States, on the other hand, has ignored the message and continues moves to implement a Jordanian-supported autonomy scheme that was rejected by Palestinians ten years ago. American officials keep shuttling back and forth to the Middle East, talking with the Israelis, the Syrians, the Jordanians, the Egyptians—with just about everyone except the authentic leadership of the Palestinians, the P.L.O. At the same time, the United States has closed the P.L.O.'s information office in Washington and announced plans to close the P.L.O.'s mission to the United Nations in New York City. This is one reason the Palestinians of the occupied territories refused to meet with Secretary of State George Shultz. But on top of that, Shultz has offered little that is new to the Palestinians.

It is only the Palestinians who can give legitimacy to the state of Israel. By refusing to negotiate with us, Israel and the United States are extending a process of suffering while at the same time jeopardizing the very basis of Israel's existence. This is not because Palestinians would want to destroy Israel but because Israel, through its actions, is eroding its moral base and threatening its own existence.

We Palestinians have learned a lot from Jewish history. Through their suffering and determination, Jews were able to create a state for themselves. We, in the same way, are bound to build our own.



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Postscript: Ziyad was hospitalized for eighteen days. Nine days after his release, he was arrested; without being questioned, charged or tried for any offense, he was issued a three-month administrative detention order. He is now in Jnaid Prison, near Nablus. □

WHILE THE E.P.A. FIDDLES

A Town Is Being Poisoned

LIANE CLORFENE CASTEN

Jacksonville, Arkansas

The Environmental Protection Agency came here in January to ask still more questions about the two toxic-waste dump sites behind chain link fences paralleling Rogers and Graham Roads. The fence gates were locked in 1985; two small signs posted at eye level read, "KEEP OUT." Since last year the sites, three-quarters of a mile apart, have been on the E.P.A.'s "Superfund" cleanup list.

Jacksonville, population 29,000, ten miles northeast of Little Rock, appears to be a pleasant Southern town. There are newly built shopping centers housing restaurants (which serve chicken-fried steak and fried okra), a few professional buildings, a bank and at least one paperback bookstore. And there's the Vertac Chemical Corporation plant, eighteenth on the Superfund national priorities list compiled in 1985. (The first twenty-four sites named are considered by the E.P.A. to be "a greater potential danger" to public health than was Love Canal, outside of Buffalo.) The Vertac plant was closed in January 1986.

Since 1979 the E.P.A. has conducted studies here. In residential areas adjacent to the site, soil samples contain as much dioxin (TCDD—the contaminant in the herbicide 2,4,5-T and one of the most deadly substances known) as 111 parts per million (p.p.m.) and 200 parts per billion (p.p.b.). That's 200 times more concentrated than the dioxin levels in Times Beach, Missouri, which the E.P.A. ordered evacuated. The agency has said 1 p.p.b. of dioxin is a danger to humans. It is quite possible that Jacksonville, with its Vertac site and its two toxic-waste dumps (those constitute number 736 out of 951 sites on the Superfund list), contains more dioxin than any other town in the United States.

The contamination began in 1948, when the Reasor-Hill Chemical Company started manufacturing pesticides such as toluene and DDT. Reasor-Hill buried its chemical wastes in unlined holes on the southwest side of its plant or dumped them in a pond next to the building. Hercules Inc. bought the site in 1961, and there it manufactured well over 20 percent of the herbicide Agent Orange purchased by the U.S. military during the Vietnam War. From 1961 to 1971, Hercules filled unlined pits on the northern side of the plant with its wastes. The E.P.A. says those chemicals oozed through drainage ditches and "the more permeable" rock strata, flowing directly into Rocky Branch Creek nearby.

In 1971 the Transvaal Corporation leased the site from Hercules to manufacture pesticides, including 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, which were banned by the E.P.A. in 1979 except for use in specified areas for certain purposes. The wastes were disposed of in landfill pits along the northern side of the plant. Transvaal purchased the site and later reorganized as the Vertac Chemical Corporation. The company wound up with 28,000 barrels of unused Agent Orange. Many of these contained highly concentrated dioxin (40,000 p.p.b., according to the E.P.A.).

Half of the fifty-five-gallon barrels had been left uncovered and exposed, according to the E.P.A. (the count is imprecise since no one is now allowed near the site). They've all begun to rust through and leak. In 1980 the E.P.A. found 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D at the Vertac site in concentrations of up to 550,000 p.p.m., which might well mean that more than 55 percent of the soil is contaminated by Agent Orange. It also means, according to E.P.A. studies, that the surrounding waters and land and the fish and wildlife are full of dioxin, ranging in concentrations from 0.9 p.p.b. in whole fish (exceeding the Food and Drug Administration's Great Lakes advisory level of 25 parts per trillion) to 17 p.p.b. in the sediment at the bottom of Rocky Branch Creek. Seventy-five miles downstream, in the Bayou Meto waters (which pass roughly a mile and a half south of the Graham Road dump site), dioxin was found at 26 p.p.t. The Arkansas River has also been affected.

When Vertac failed to live up to a 1979 agreement with the Arkansas Department of Pollution Control and Ecology to clean up the plant site, the E.P.A. brought its first civil law suit. That was in 1980; a consent agreement was reached in 1982, but Vertac still did not comply and cleanse the area. The Justice Department, on behalf of the E.P.A., completed a study of the Vertac site in 1984, called it "one of the most serious uncontrolled hazardous waste sites in the U.S." and filed a joint lawsuit against Hercules/Vertac. Nothing happened.

In 1986, Vertac, as part of the consent agreement, placed $6.7 million in a trust fund to be used for the cleanup and arranged for a $4 million letter of credit, to be used if the company became insolvent. In January 1986, Vertac's doors were closed. On January 31, 1987, J. Randal Tomblin, president and chief executive officer of Vertac, told the E.P.A. that the company could no longer fulfill its financial responsibility of decontamination. The next month, Vertac sold its assets, except the contaminated site, to Inter-Ag, a Memphis-based chemical company. T.P. Bomar, who had chaired Vertac's board, resigned soon after. As it turns out, Inter-Ag is wholly owned by the same company that owned Vertac, and the parent company is owned by Bomar. Tomblin became executive vice president of Inter-Ag.

On September 10, Federal Judge Henry Woods ruled that

Liane Clorfene Casten, a writer living in Evanston, Illinois, has been working on a book about dioxin for several years. *She wishes to thank Bobbi Ridlehoover of the* Arkansas Democrat *for research assistance.*

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Vertac had violated the 1982 consent decree and had secretly transferred assets to "put them beyond the reach" of Federal and state regulatory agencies. In agreeing to the E.P.A.'s request to appoint a receiver to take over Vertac, Woods said, "The evidence of fraud is clear and compelling."

Judge Woods declared Vertac insolvent and appointed Little Rock attorney Lee Thalheimer as Federal receiver in September 1987. He is to oversee Vertac, now a non-operating empty shell, to "keep whatever is left of the assets from disappearing," according to Thalheimer. The E.P.A. is now suing Inter-Ag for its part of the cleanup responsibilities. (Inter-Ag is not under Federal receivership.)

Nearby the Vertac plant are a hospital, a nursing home and two junior high schools. Students from the Murrell Taylor elementary school—458 of them—play in the schoolyard, less than a mile from one of the Superfund-listed dumps. Homes line the waterways. "If small children play in contaminated yards or garden soils, or live in the immediate area, they may be subject to exposures through direct contact and ingestion of contaminated soil and dust," according to a 1986 E.P.A. report marked "Confidential."

Patty Frase, 33, a former Jacksonville resident, used to swim in the Bayou Meto when she was a child. Her father was an Air Force officer; her family lived near Little Rock Air Force Base, which stands next to the Vertac site on land donated by Reasor-Hill. Today, after six miscarriages, Frase lives with her husband and 2-year-old daughter, Allison, about an hour's drive south of Little Rock.

Frase saw both her parents die of apparent chemical-related causes. After her mother died of liver cancer in 1981, Frase joined the nearly thirty plaintiffs who sued Vertac (some people added their names after the suit was filed) for $50 million. In 1986, Vertac settled out of court. Frase founded a citizen action group, the Arkansas Chemical Clean-up Alliance (ACCA), which seeks to draw public attention to the E.P.A.'s delays and efforts to deny the problem in Jacksonville.

Alsie Glover, 54, a member of ACCA, is recovering from a hysterotomy for what is described as a "precancerous" condition. She's lived for twenty years in a modest frame house between Graham and Rogers Roads, three equal-sized blocks from both of the two Superfund toxic dumps. E.P.A. officials have visited her several times over the years.

"First they came out with their boots and protective clothing and tested my tap water," Glover recalled. "They found OCDD (another form of dioxin) at 2 p.p.t. I'd turn the water on and it'd stink so bad I couldn't stay in my kitchen. But before the E.P.A. came back with the results, Gene McDonald [an E.P.A. subcontractor and investigator] came out here, too. He told me, 'If I was you, I'd get my family out of here.' No one else ever told me there was any danger. I can't afford to move. Everything we've worked for is right here.

"I remember the old barrels they'd bring to this dump," Glover continued. "They had 'Hercules Manufacturing Company' stamped on the outside. Then the guys running the dump would burn the stuff. I'd get up in the morning and hose the cinders off my car."

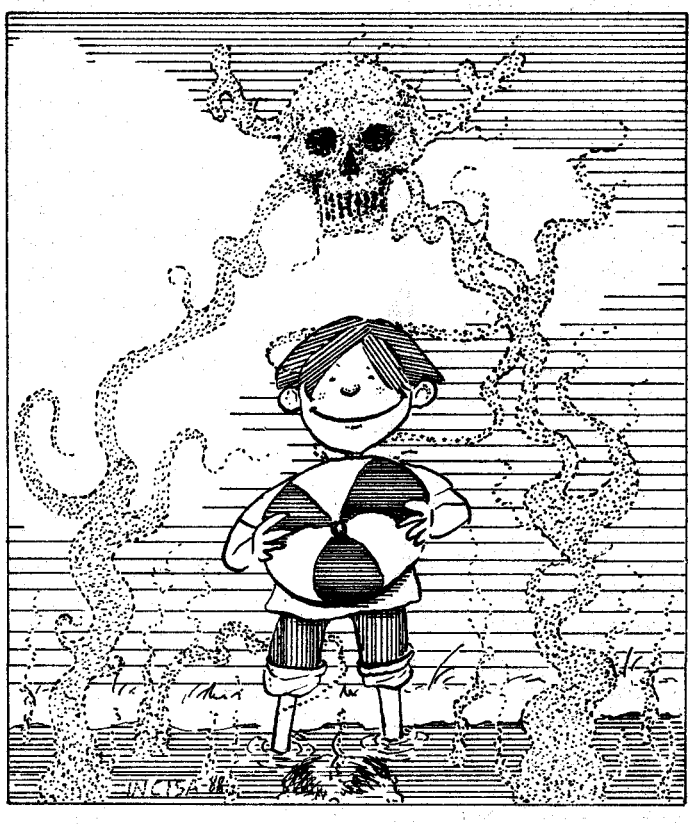
Glover alleges that Hercules paid the City of Jacksonville for the privilege of dumping at the site. "Company paid for every load of trash brought in. Mayor [James] Reid admitted to me the city had receipts. Now the Mayor says the receipts are gone and Hercules denies they ever dumped here."

As we drove up Graham Road and down Rogers, Glover pointed out house after house where backyards were separated from the dump sites by no more than a chain link fence. "Kids are out there every day, playing. They play in the contaminated water after a rain. No one in any of these houses is healthy. Twenty-five households have been hit all down this six-block road. And my son recently found the gate open at the back of Graham Road. People are back there, hunting now."

In 1985 the Little Rock *Arkansas Democrat* reported, "In an informal survey of children born to mothers who live or once lived near one of the contaminated dumps . . . the [newspaper] found 10 of 18 children with serious health problems, including spina bifida, seizures and a baby born with part of her brain outside her skull." A study conducted by biochemist Marge Brewster of Arkansas Children's Hospital in Little Rock, released in May 1986, showed Jacksonville had a higher incidence of miscarriages and stillbirths between 1980 and 1982 than was average for the rest of the county.

E.P.A. officials would probably not dispute any of those findings. In its civil suits against Vertac in 1980 and 1984, the agency stated:

> Exposure to TCDD may cause direct health effects in humans. TCDD is a direct carcinogen . . . is teratogenic [causes abnormal development of the fetus] . . . fetotoxic



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[causes death in fetuses]. . . . Its acute [short-term] effects include skin lesions, vertigo, muscle pain, irritability, fatigue and liver enlargement . . . liver damage . . . peripheral nerve damage, and . . . miscarriages have been observed.

Brenda and Jeffrey Shelton, who used to live half a mile from a dump site, lost their 3-month-old baby in September 1986. The baby had been fed nothing but infant formula mixed with water. Tests sponsored by Brewster found that the infant's liver and kidneys were full of herbicides. One of the chemicals listed is a carcinogen. Brenda Shelton believes that the chemicals, ranging from 252 to 509 p.p.b., came from the formula water. The same chemicals have also been found in Brenda's urine both times she was tested. Her son, Jeff, suffers from seizures.

Some have disputed ACCA's claims. A clinical chemist and two administrators from the Centers for Disease Control were invited by the medical director of Children's Hospital to discuss the results of the Shelton baby tissue analysis. The scientists attacked the laboratory in Dallas that had done the assay for insufficient quality control. When asked by Brewster if they would do their own assay on the other half of the tissue slide, the Centers for Disease Control investigators replied that "the analysis would not tell them anything useful."

Political leaders here have also denied that any danger exists. In 1986 Mayor Reid claimed that there was no significant contamination at the dump sites. Kenneth Wilson, chair of the city's water commission, says, "We have good water and we've proven it. We ran 2,096 tests on it in 1985. None showed any impurities." Wilson's son, Mike, a lawyer and State Representative, is associated with the firm of Mitchell, Williams, Selig and Tucher, chief counsel for Vertac. Mike Wilson is co-founder of Jacksonville People with Pride, a group that produced a slick booklet downplaying the dangers, "The Facts About Jacksonville and Dioxin."

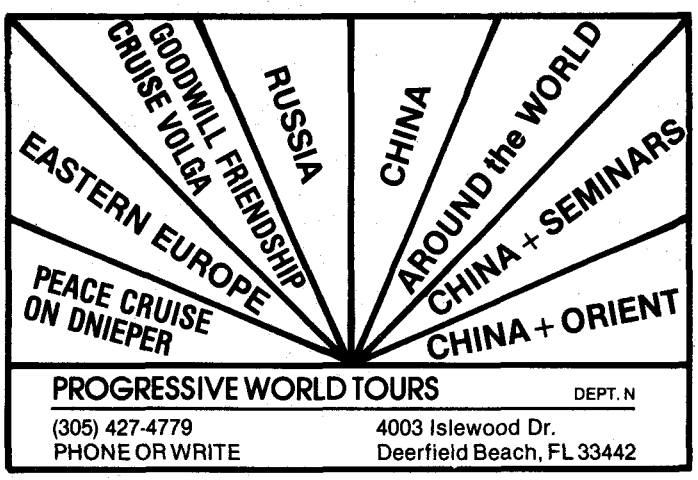
In the absence of any other action, the E.P.A. finally started a "stabilization project" in January 1987, after Vertac announced it was abandoning the site. The E.P.A. has paid more than $4 million so far to maintain and re-drum the leaking barrels at the Vertac plant site. Since 1985, responding to pressure from local groups, the E.P.A. has been discussing incineration as the most "feasible" plan to eliminate the wastes.

Patty Frase is concerned. "As much as 100 p.p.t. of dioxin could be emitted," she says. "That's not acceptable for anyone who lives in the area." (A 1986 E.P.A. health assessment document states that humans should not breathe as much as 1 p.p.t. of dioxin.) Ralph Nader also criticizes incineration, on the ground that extremely toxic ash would remain from the process; Arkansas state officials admit that tons of ash will probably be declared "nonhazardous" and stored at the plant forever.

Yet incineration, without even preliminary testing, had been scheduled to begin this summer. But the first week in February, the plan was postponed for another year. When it embarked on a systematic inspection of the entire Vertac site, something the E.P.A. had never done, the contractor, International Technology, found large tanks of additional contaminated wastes that it wants to analyze. In addition, the $6.7 million that Vertac had placed in a trust fund for the cleanup is now being held by the courts until a decision is made on who is to get the interest it has earned. Then there is the letter of credit; the Swiss bank that holds it won't release those funds, either.

The E.P.A. took action at Love Canal and Times Beach reluctantly, only after reports of death and damage had become too persistent to ignore. In Jacksonville, the E.P.A. approach is to go to the courts. A recent Congressional study indicates that the nation may have to spend $22.7 billion cleaning up hazardous waste sites, more than double what Congress has designated for the cleanup of abandoned waste dumps. Reluctant to spend the Superfund millions required to decontaminate the Vertac and two dump sites, the E.P.A.'s enforcement branch has waited in vain for Vertac to do its own housekeeping.

On December 9, 1987, the agency lowered its assessment of the cancer-causing potential of dioxin to one-sixteenth of its 1985 estimate, calling the substance a "promoter" of cancer rather than an initiator. These manipulations and dodges serve the Reagan Administration's political agenda and protect the interests of big chemical companies. But they cannot change the fact that in Jacksonville, people are dying. □



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WALDHEIM AND HISTORY

Austria Recalls The Anschluss

ANSON RABINBACH

On March 11, Austria commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the Anschluss with Nazi Germany, an event that ended the existence of the troubled First Republic and made Austrians citizens of a greater German Reich. The ambiguous legacy of this dark anniversary is enormously magnified by the fact that one of those who "dutifully served" the Reich is Austria's President, Kurt Waldheim, a man who deceived the entire world about his past and who continues to maintain that his conscience is clear—even after a devastating report by a historical commission that he himself empowered to investigate the charges against him. Although the commission did not discover evidence of Waldheim's personal involvement in war crimes, it thoroughly documented his "extensive" knowledge of, and participation in, a series of brutal campaigns that involved mass deportation of Jews and other civilians, "measures which contradicted military law, and the principles of humanity." Waldheim, the commission concluded, took steps to "let his military past pass into oblivion" and, having failed, tried to make it appear "inconsequential."

Although polls show that support for Waldheim has eroded considerably since the report was made public on February 9, the majority of Austrians still believe that the country was not annexed but occupied by Hitler in 1938 and that, unlike Germany, it bears no responsibility for the crimes committed while it did not officially exist. Waldheim's case has called into question the popular image of Austria as the first powerless victim of German aggression, with Austrians forced to serve in the uniform of the foreign invader as a result. Despite this "official" view of the Anschluss, many Austrians at the time welcomed integration into Hitler's Germany as a solution to the political fractures that immobilized a republic still torn by the 1934 civil war between Socialists and Catholic rightists, and subsequently ruled in authoritarian fashion (with the state plagued by rivalries between Nazis and the indigenous Austrian right). Moreover, by the time Hitler arrived in Vienna, a substantial portion of the potential opposition was already silenced by the Dollfuss-Schuschnigg dictatorship. If the Anschluss was an act of foreign aggression, it was also a military occupation by popular acclamation.

For this reason, the governing coalition has been overeager to insure that public events are presented in the proper "national framework." Former President Rudolf Kirchschläger, one of Austria's most respected public figures, recently warned that too much attention is being paid outside Austria to the jubilant crowds that greeted Hitler's arrival and not enough to the fact that Hitler was unwilling to risk a referendum on annexation that had been scheduled for March 13, 1938—since the Austrian Nazis had never gained more than 25 percent of the popular vote. Even the Socialist former Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, who is calling for Waldheim's resignation, said that only "one-third of the people cheered" while "two-thirds stayed home and prayed." The defensive character of such arguments (which often confuse the limited popularity of local Nazis with enthusiasm for Hitler), not to mention Waldheim's recent remark that the international community did not support Austria against the aggression of a powerful dictatorship, is self-serving, turning a blind eye to strong anti-Semitic and antidemocratic traditions and widespread pro-Anschluss feeling.

It is likely that if the Waldheim affair had not created a moral crisis over the meaning of Austria's complicity in the Nazi era, the anniversary of March 1938 would have passed relatively uneventfully, as did the anniversary of the Austrian civil war, in 1984. However, official commemorations did not downplay the event but instead drowned it in a constant barrage of TV films, discussions, academic symposiums and exhibitions. One local wit even remarked that the anniversary has become a boondoggle for historical experts.

Anxiety about anything that diverged from official conceptions of the commemoration even led to some attempts to limit political dissent. One such incident occurred in November 1986, when Peter Jankowitsch, former Socialist Foreign Minister, sent an outraged letter to ten prominent historians pressuring them to refute the "hair-raising theses" contained in an article in London's *Times Literary Supplement* by British historian Robert Knight, which criticized Austria's postwar tolerance of former Nazis. More recently, Peter Huemer, a radio and television commentator and Waldheim opponent, was threatened with dismissal if he participated in a symposium sponsored by the Green Party intended to give focus to the anti-Waldheim movement. (Huemer did not attend.) One of the most outspoken critics of Waldheim in Austria, Salzburg historian Gerhard Botz (a recipient of the Jankowitsch letter), condemns the ruling coalition for presenting a "mythical consensus" about Austria's past and for "incompetence" and "censorship" in official presentations of Austrian history during the Nazi era.

Only with the release of the commission's report did any significant public opposition to Waldheim begin to emerge. On February 14, 5,000 people called for his resignation at a demonstration outside St. Stephen's Cathedral, and hundreds of well-known intellectuals signed a statement calling for his immediate resignation. Although prominent members of both major parties, the conservative Austrian People's Party and the Socialists, now want Waldheim to step down, they fear that his resignation may only increase popular resentment of what many Austrians still see as an unjust international press campaign against him. Kirch-

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Anson Rabinbach teaches European history at The Cooper Union and is the author of The Crisis of Austrian Socialism: From Red Vienna to Civil War *(University of Chicago Press).*

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schläger, for example, worries that Waldheim's departure would unleash a crisis of national "self-confidence" that could result in a return to Austria's prewar condition as the "sick child of Europe."

Chancellor Franz Vranitsky's Socialists are still clinging to the coalition government they head, despite Vranitsky's threat to resign if, as he said in a television interview, Waldheim and his supporters continue to blame "an international Jewish conspiracy" for his plight. Even in Waldheim's own People's Party there has been a shift away from the hard-line Vice Chancellor, Alois Mock, who defends the President against "unjustified attacks." The party's Minister of Economics, Robert Graf, warned not to "dismiss foreign opinion" and the business community's fears of Austria's growing international isolation and its dwindling prospects in the upcoming talks on membership in the Common Market. The Socialists have gained support since Waldheim's unrepentant television speech following the release of the historical commission's report, but some of them are concerned that negative reaction to a Waldheim resignation might ultimately produce a massive shift of voters to the right, the collapse of their coalition and, even worse, the rise of Jörg Haider, charismatic young demagogue of the ultraconservative Freedom Party. Although the People's Party remains the chief stumbling block to Waldheim's early disappearance, such considerations have kept the coalition partners together in a political system that already suffers from a bad case of hypersobriety and compulsive consensus neurosis.

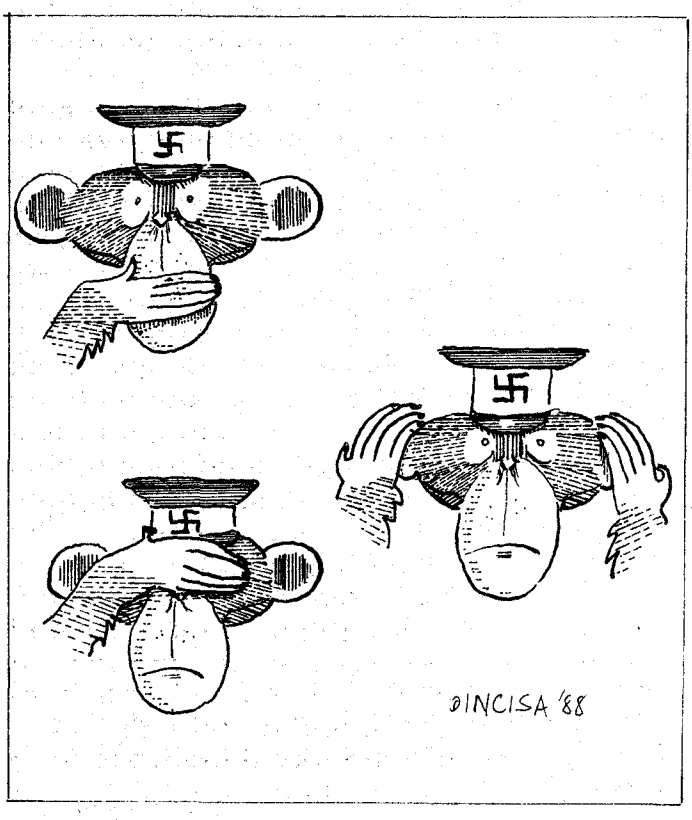
Even Austria's tiny Green Party, which received 4.8 percent of the vote in the last parliamentary election, only recently began to take seriously Waldheim's defiant stance and the growing incidences of anti-Semitism in Austria. During the second round of presidential elections in June 1986, Freda Meissner-Blau, the Greens' most prominent spokeswoman and head of its parliamentary delegation, refrained from supporting Waldheim's Socialist opponent, Kurt Steyrer, because of his poor record on ecological issues. Meissner-Blau now refuses to participate in any event in which Waldheim appears, and she caused a furor in the Austrian Parliament when she threatened to disrupt the commemoration of the Anschluss planned for March 11, when Waldheim was to have addressed a joint session of the two houses of Parliament. Along with some staunch anti-Waldheim Socialists, including Finance Minister Ferdinand Lacina, the Greens succeeded in making sure that the President would not address the March 11 ceremonies but would speak on television instead.

Nevertheless, the Greens remain divided over a gaggle of issues, including Waldheim's future, and some believe that by being "more upset by Waldheim than *Waldsterben* [dying forests]," they will dilute their ecological and regional identity. The difficulties of the anti-Waldheim movement in Austria demonstrate that the President still epitomizes what historian John Bunzl calls the "special dispensation" that Austria received after 1945: By not confronting the past, most Austrians, like their President, assumed it could be forgotten and deleted from the record.

One of the reasons there is no public forum for Waldheim's opponents is largely a consequence of deeply internalized habits acquired during the halcyon years of "Model Austria," after 1955, when cooperation between the two major parties was substituted for prewar enmity and armed conflict. After the war these old conflicts, as well as the dark side of the Anschluss—the persecution of Jews, Socialists and Catholic resisters, and the disproportionate numbers of Austrians in the machinery of extermination—were quickly forgotten. Political divisions were sutured, with the aid of a newly fashioned Austrian nationalism that emerged after 1945 and by common consensus that only cooperation between former ideological rivals would avoid a repetition of the traumatic 1930s—and bring an end to Austria's four-power occupation, which occurred in 1955. Indeed, both major postwar parties, the People's Party and the Socialists, competed for the reintegration of former Nazis into the new democracy.

Postwar Austria became a well-functioning and prosperous social democracy, but it lacked the experience of a pluralistic culture. There was little room for opinions not officially sanctioned by the two dominant political parties, which exercised an exaggerated influence over public life, especially via the media. Independent intellectuals, like the Catholic historian Friedrich Heer or the Marxist philosopher Ernst Fischer, were a distinct rarity in Austria after 1945. Günther Nenning, an independent journalist (also an endangered species) calls the Austrian political system, with its odd combination of formal political democracy but absence of a public sphere of true debate and conflict, "DemoStalinism."

One legacy of the Anschluss was the perpetuation of a self-enforced postwar consensus democracy in Austria's



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quiescent (until recently) Second Republic. Ironically, Kurt Waldheim, himself a product of that silent truce between the Catholic conservative and Socialist forces in Austrian society, has become the most potent threat to Austria's stifling postwar consensus since the republic was founded. □

BRAWLEY AND OTHERS

Justice in the Hudson Valley

JEFF JONES

Although public attention has focused on the case of Tawana Brawley, a black teen-ager from Wappingers Falls, New York, who says she was abducted and raped by several white men, including one who may have been a policeman, this was only one of at least three separate incidents that occurred in the Hudson Valley, north of New York City, during a terrible week last November.

The city of Peekskill, forty miles north of Manhattan on the Hudson's east bank, was the scene of the first of those incidents. At about 1 A.M. on November 21, a gang of young whites attacked Alphonso Smith, a 20-year-old insurance claims handler for Empire Blue Cross-Blue Shield, in a gas station. As it happened, Haywood Burns, dean of the City University of New York's law school and president of the National Lawyers Guild, and a companion, Jennifer Dohrn, a midwife, were pulling up to a pump just as the gang charged across the station.

Burns, who is black, heard the apparent leader yell, "Get my knife," and saw another youth with a lead pipe or baseball bat in his hand. Smith, sitting in the passenger seat of a car driven by his white girlfriend, got out to face them. Burns went into the station and demanded that the attendant call the police. He returned in time to see the white youths chase Smith onto the highway. "It could have been Howard Beach all over again," he later said, recalling the New York City incident that led to the death of a black man chased by a group of young whites. Burns and Dohrn disrupted the chase and were able to convince Smith, who did not know them, to jump into the back seat of their car. When they returned to the gas station, the police had arrived.

Smith's girlfriend told the police that she recognized one of the attackers, but they did not arrest the man for nearly a week—after a Westchester County newspaper account had appeared giving Smith's address, where he lived with his parents and four brothers and sisters. On Thanksgiving, the day before the arrest was made, a fire termed "suspicious" by police badly damaged the house.

The weekend of November 21-22 was unseasonably cold. In two maximum-security tiers of the Orange County jail in Goshen, New York, across the Hudson and some thirty miles northwest of Peekskill, the radiators were cranked up. On Sunday, nine black and Hispanic inmates complained of overheating in the unventilated cells and refused to return to them from a day area. That night they were assaulted by a group of guards wielding water hoses and clubs. The guards wore no name tags, and some covered their heads and faces. A camera that normally monitored the area mysteriously malfunctioned.

Wet and subdued, the inmates agreed to end the protest in exchange for a promise from the guards that they would not be beaten further. But the prisoners were forced one by one to run a gauntlet. Timothy Howard, the first inmate out, was hit on the head, back and stomach.

After regaining control, guards ordered the soaked inmates to strip. As temperatures fell below freezing, the windows were opened; they remained that way all night. When I spoke to Timothy Howard's mother, Lillian, fifteen days after the assault, he still had not received medical attention. Nearly a month later, Howard said that her son had seen a prison-approved neurologist, who diagnosed his head wound as a concussion.

The week after the beatings, an internal investigation cleared the guards of any wrongdoing. The nine inmates, however, were charged with destruction of property, criminal mischief, attempted assault and riot. John Melvin, one of the inmates, completed his sentence in late December but cannot make bail on the new charges—and so remains in jail.

Of all the events that November week, none has received more attention than the case of Tawana Brawley. The young Wappingers Falls woman, who turned 16 in December, was on her way home from visiting a former boyfriend at the Orange County jail on November 24 (only two days after the protest there) when she says she was forced into a car by a white man who wore a police badge; he and another man took her to an unknown location, where as many as four other white men beat, raped and sodomized her. She was found traumatized four days later, wrapped in a plastic bag. Some of her hair had been pulled out or cut, and feces were matted in the rest. "KKK" and "nigger" were scrawled on her breast and body in charcoal or felt-tipped pen.

In all three Hudson Valley incidents, local officials were exceedingly slow to respond and to prosecute, confirming the sense in the region that the criminal justice system provides no deterrent to racist violence. In December 1986, a 20-year-old Ellenville resident, Jimmy Lee Bruce Jr., was strangled by an off-duty policeman working as a security guard at a Walkill movie theater. When a grand jury refused to indict the officer, the Bruce family asked Governor Mario Cuomo to appoint a special prosecutor in the case. Fifteen months after the killing, the state is still investigating it.

In the Smith case, Haywood Burns is especially critical of the local district attorney. "It's very strange that the D.A. has never contacted me, as one of the main witnesses," he said. Peekskill police have made four arrests in the case, but the suspects have been charged only with misdemeanors.

Jeff Jones, an Albany-based writer and activist, has lived in the Hudson Valley for many years. He edited Brigadista: Harvest and War in Nicaragua *(Praeger) and is currently researching an oral history of the civil rights movement.*

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"From what I saw, I don't think they're charging a serious enough crime," Burns told me. "Alphonso Smith is lucky he wasn't killed."

The violence against prisoners continues at the Orange County jail. Although the Federal Bureau of Investigation has begun an inquiry to determine if inmates' civil rights were violated on November 22, four of the nine prisoners involved in the incident were assaulted again, on January 6. And John Hassell, whom guards consider an inmate leader, was removed from his cell and beaten on January 26.

When attorney Alton Maddox Jr. took the Brawley case, he advised his client not to cooperate with Dutchess County District Attorney William Grady, because he and the family feared that local law-enforcement agencies would cover up any police involvement. (Tawana's mother, Glenda Brawley, reports that her traumatized daughter reacted with terror when two white policemen entered the emergency room of Poughkeepsie's St. Francis Hospital to question her.) The noncooperation strategy worked brilliantly in the Howard Beach case, where Cedric Sandiford's refusal to aid Queens District Attorney John Santucci forced Governor Cuomo to appoint a special prosecutor, Charles Hynes, who was willing to pursue the case aggressively. Maddox called on the Governor to appoint a special prosecutor, preferably Hynes, once again.

Nevertheless, Grady impaneled a grand jury and called Tawana before it; in mid-January she refused to testify. Then, on January 20, Grady took himself off the case, stating that information presented to the grand jury posed a "potential conflict of interest" for his office. A local special prosecutor—Poughkeepsie criminal lawyer David Sall, appointed by a Dutchess County judge—withdrew less than a day later, saying that he could not thoroughly investigate the case. At that point a reluctant Governor Cuomo appointed a special prosecutor, State Attorney General Robert Abrams. When Abrams placed Assistant State Attorney General John Ryan in day-to-day charge of the investigation, Maddox and co-counsel C. Vernon Mason objected, insisting on Abrams's direct involvement.

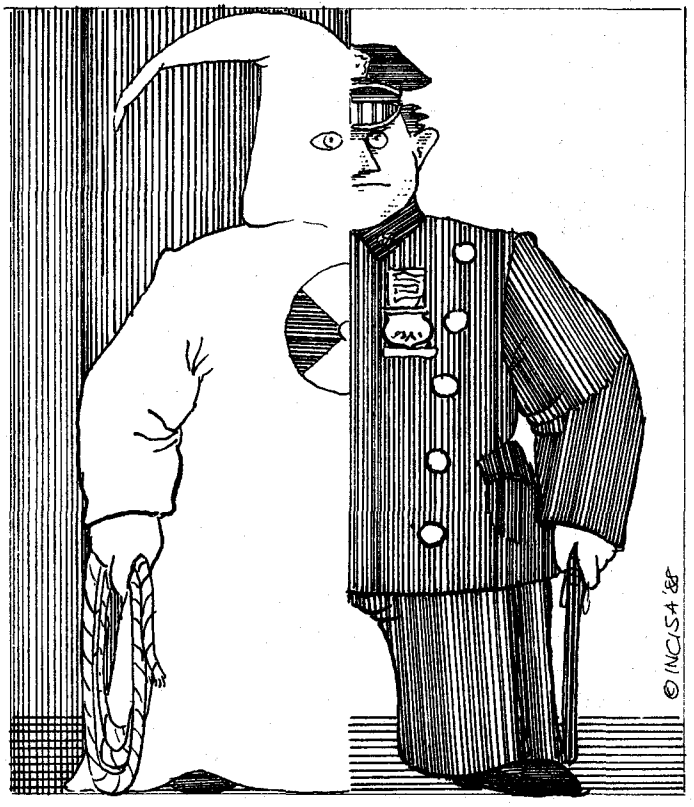
Maddox and Mason, along with civil rights activists and black legislators, have called on Governor Cuomo to appoint a state special prosecutor for dealing with racial crimes. Cuomo opposes the demand as a "permanent pre-emption of the elected system." Instead, he will submit legislation establishing a bias crimes unit in the State Attorney General's office, which could replace district attorneys in some cases after an appellate court review. In the face of opposition from state law-enforcement lobbies, however, the plan is unlikely to pass the Republican-controlled State Senate.

During the past weeks, prosecution of the case has stalled as Brawley's attorneys and the Rev. Al Sharpton have traded accusations and counteraccusations with the Governor and the Attorney General. On February 29, a new grand jury was impaneled in Poughkeepsie to hear evidence in the case. With Abrams in the courtroom, twenty-three Dutchess County residents, only two of them black, were sworn in for an investigation expected to run until August. Tawana Brawley still refuses to testify, and on March 1, Sharpton, with the family's consent, moved the girl into hiding.

Segregation is endemic to the Hudson Valley. Predominantly white, rural areas surround the few midsize cities on the river with their black communities relegated to the older, dilapidated parts of town. A recent real estate boom has not helped the region's poor. In Dutchess County, the second largest employer after I.B.M. is the state prison system, where whites from the country guard prisoners from the city, most of whom are black or Hispanic.

It is possible that the Ku Klux Klan was in some way involved in the Hudson Valley incidents, although no overt Klan activity has been confirmed in the region since a cross was burned on the hill above the Napanoch Prison, ninety miles northeast of New York City, in 1978. But Jim Farrands, the Connecticut-based Imperial Wizard of the Invisible Empire of the Knights of the K.K.K., told Dan Zegart, a reporter for *The Evening News* in Newburgh, in late December that there are card-carrying Klan members in Newburgh, Poughkeepsie and Wappingers Falls. He denied that they were involved in the recent violence.

Are the events in the Hudson Valley unique? A study released on January 13 by the Center for Democratic Renewal in Atlanta says that "racist and far-right violence in the United States has reached epidemic proportions" during the Reagan years, not limited to the Klan or other organized white-supremacist groups. In New York, the black response to this "hate-inspired violence" has shaken the state's leaders. At a December 12 rally in Newburgh, across the river from Wappingers Falls, the speakers included lawyer Mason and Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan, who flew in from Chicago. Later 1,000 people, including ten busloads of New York City residents, marched through Newburgh's down-



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town black neighborhood, with Farrakhan near the front. The state's elected black leaders, however, were absent.

In the weeks ahead, the mainstream press is likely to focus on whether the Brawley family's account of what happened to Tawana is accurate. But more important is the exposure of racist violence, and the institutionalized racism of police and prison guards in Hudson Valley and around the country. The real question is how to force the criminal justice system to prosecute those responsible. □

U.S. Funds

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

human rights community, some Russian émigrés (including former political prisoners) and even members of the N.E.D.'s own advisory committee on Soviet and Eastern European Affairs. They fear that the center's ties to the N.E.D. will exacerbate the Soviet Union's longstanding paranoia and propaganda about dissidents' ties to U.S. intelligence agencies.

Richard Pipes, former National Security Council adviser on Soviet affairs and an adviser to the N.E.D. on its Soviet-area programs in 1986, told InterNation that "the moment you start running such an exchange with Soviet scholars and other people you could leave yourself open to charges of doing intelligence work and you could hurt some people." Pipes added that the center "may have had the best of intentions, but the moment you start using United States funds, the K.G.B. can accuse you of working for the government."

Despite such qualms, the center was the largest recipient of N.E.D. funds in the Soviet area in fiscal 1986, receiving $200,000. During fiscal 1987, it received an additional $125,000. And in fiscal 1988, the center received $40,000. Moreover, it was an N.E.D. grant of $50,000 for a feasibility study that led to the creation of the center in the first place, in 1985.

The Center for Democracy's success with the National Endowment for Democracy is largely due to its founding member Vladimir Bukovsky, who came to the West in 1976 after spending eleven years in Soviet prison camps and psychiatric hospitals for his human rights activity. Today, Bukovsky is a leading member of the *contra* lobbying enterprise Prodemca. He was also one of the founders of Resistance International, an anti-Communist group that supports the Afghan mujahedeen. Prodemca receives N.E.D. funding.

Bukovsky found a strong supporter in N.E.D. president Carl Gershman, a former assistant to Jeane Kirkpatrick at the United Nations and, like Bukovsky, a member of the neoconservative Committee for the Free World. According to one well-placed source, the center "was Carl Gershman's program. He pushed it and got the N.E.D. board to fund it." Under Gershman the N.E.D., which was established by

Kevin Coogan is a freelance journalist. Katrina vanden Heuvel is an assistant editor of The Nation. *InterNation is an international consortium of publications and journalists, producing investigative stories on subjects that cross national boundaries.*

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Congress in 1983 as a nonpartisan agency to promote American-style democracy in Soviet bloc and "authoritarian" countries, has been used to advance the Reagan Administration's foreign policy objectives. In 1985, for instance, it was revealed that the N.E.D. had helped finance far-right student and labor groups in France, which had bitterly opposed the elected government of François Mitterrand.

According to a source who follows the politics of the émigré community, the center's activist programs and Bukovsky's political charisma "were tailor-made for Gershman's record of militant anti-Sovietism and anti-Communism." Bukovsky strongly contends that Mikhail Gorbachev's reforms have increased the Soviet threat to the West. Last March he warned that "under Gorbachev the Soviet Union becomes much more dangerous. Because they become much more successful. Yes, they might disarm the West, both morally and physically." According to Bukovsky, the West "should increase the pressure. I think it's a time for pressing them rather than for relaxing."

Most of the center's board members would share Bukovsky's view of the Soviet threat. They include defense hawks Michael Ledeen, Edward Luttwak and Albert Wohlstetter, as well as Hoover Institute Sovietologists like Robert Conquest, Milorad Drachkovitch and John Dunlop. Other center advisers include Polish émigré philosopher Leszek Kolakowski, Soviet émigré writer Vassily Aksyonov and two Republican presidential candidates, Jack Kemp and Robert Dole.

The center's executive director is Yuri Yarim-Agaev, a Soviet émigré and physicist. In March 1984, when he and Bukovsky were both at Stanford University, Yarim-Agaev wrote a proposal for a new "Soviet studies research center," which later became the Center for Democracy. At the heart of the proposal, a copy of which InterNation obtained through F.O.I.A. requests, was a bold idea: to use the Soviet human rights network to gather political and military information on the U.S.S.R. The Soviet human rights movement, Yarim-Agaev wrote, "has established an extensive internal informational network and the channels of delivering the information abroad." However, "because of the specifics of the human rights movement, this network has not been concentrating on gathering military, technological and strategic information, nor can it do so."

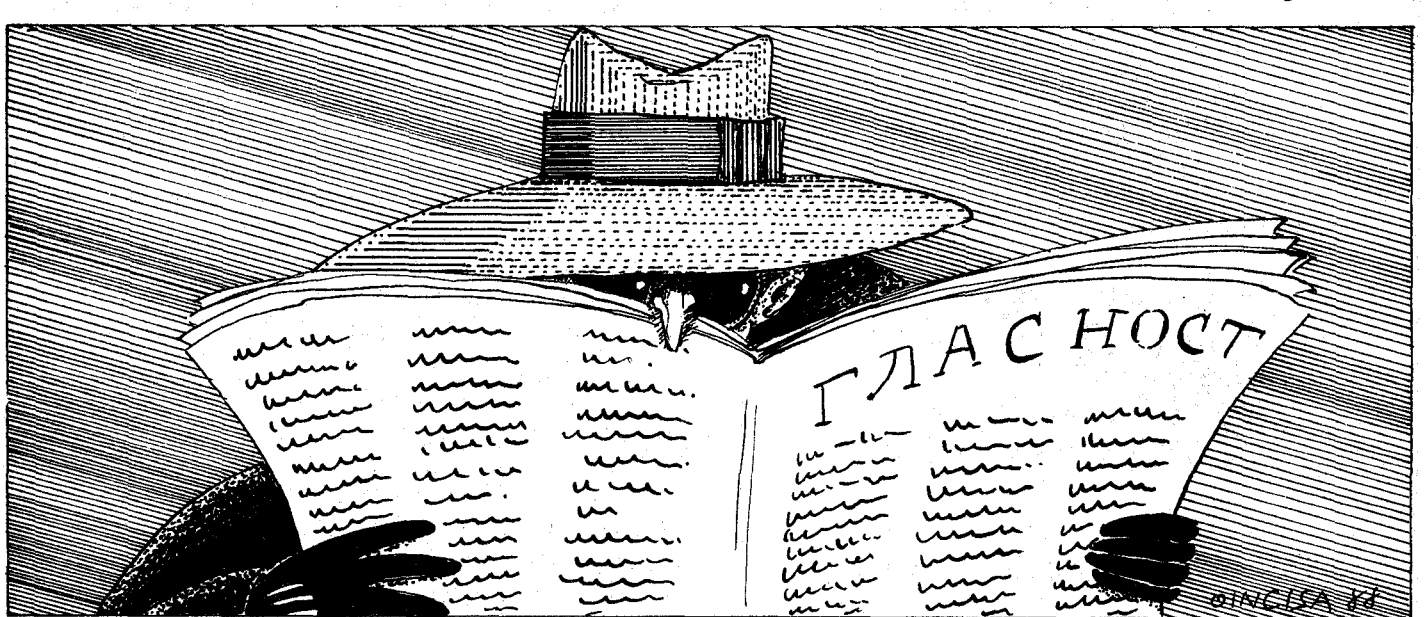
Yarim-Agaev proposed to rectify this. He went on, "If supported properly this information network can provide data" on subjects like "the black market, government and its administration: laws, instructions, regulations, secrecy, police and K.G.B." Other topics for scrutiny would include "the military and society: social and political aspects of the war in Afghanistan, the social and political situation of Soviet troops stationed abroad, militarization of civil life, evidence of specific privileges, resource allocation of the military in the economy, politics and society," as well as data on corruption, tension between different nationality groups and the relationship of the Communist Party to the K.G.B.

Yarim-Agaev argued that the key to the research center's success would be the establishment of a "network for collecting of current information on the U.S.S.R." by "travelers from the West," who would "bring the information out safely" using "necessary technical means."

In the summer of 1984, two months after Gershman became the N.E.D.'s president, Yarim-Agaev received $50,000 for a feasibility study. The study's language was more discreet, but the principles laid out in the earlier proposal were intact. It listed as its top three priorities:

1. To establish the number of sources inside the U.S.S.R. and the list of addresses in different cities from dissidents and recent Soviet emigres.
2. To find the information about all tourist trips to the U.S.S.R. from Western Europe and Third World countries.
3. To identify persons in Europe who will find, brief and debrief the tourists.

The N.E.D.'s enthusiasm, reflected in its $200,000 grant to the center in 1986, was understandable, since, according to Yarim-Agaev, information gathered by the network "could be used by governmental and public organizations." In fact, only the dissidents themselves would be kept in the dark. In his March 1984 document Yarim-Agaev wrote,



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"We should emphasize that our friends in the Soviet Union are not motivated by political interests but by their personal convictions. . . . One cannot expect them to serve knowingly as pure intelligence sources. Within a broad flow of information provided by them, however, one can always find facts of interest to experts."

In fiscal year 1986, the center's contact project, then called the Independent Exchange Program (I.E.P.), organized and financed more than twenty trips to the Soviet Union using "experienced" travelers who met with an estimated 100 dissidents, including independent peace activists and refuseniks. The center also began approaching Western tourists. From January to March of 1987, at least ten visitors were briefed.

Budgeted at $53,000, the I.E.P. was the center's most expensive program. A related fund to provide financial aid to select dissidents was allocated another $37,000. The rest of the grant was spent developing a computerized "bank of information" in which both legitimate human rights information and questionable center "research" from the U.S.S.R. could be stored.

In fiscal year 1987, with the center's receipt of the $125,000, director Yarim-Agaev decided to drop the I.E.P., however, since the opening up of the Soviet Union as a result of *glasnost* made its activities unnecessary. "I still think it's a very good program," he explained, "but because of limited funds I had to choose priorities. I decided we can sacrifice since there are many trips without our support." Yarim-Agaev also stressed that "it was my decision" to drop the I.E.P. "There was never any criticism of our work or suggestion to do other things. I never bent any of my programs, or changed anything because of reactions from N.E.D."

However, the financial aid program and the computer bank are still going strong. The Center for Democracy's quarterly report for January through March 1987 notes that it "continued to maintain files on various subjects pertaining to the Soviet Union (i.e., Soviet economy, policy, military, etc.), Eastern Europe and some Third World countries (e.g., Afghanistan, Angola, Nicaragua) where the Soviet Union is involved."

The N.E.D. has seemed willing to finance even the most offbeat center projects. In 1986 the endowment tacked on another $25,000 to the center's grant to fund a Bukovsky scheme to smuggle American films, most with anti-Soviet themes (for example, *White Nights*, *Red Dawn* and *The Assassination of Trotsky*) into the Soviet Union through a Polish group called Fighting Solidarity. The aim was to give citizens there "access to the cultural and social pluralism of our democratic system." According to N.E.D. reports, the center plans to make political documentaries and videos of Soviet émigrés in the West and smuggle them into the Soviet Union using the same courier system. In fiscal 1988 the center received another $20,000 for its video project.

In December 1986, Carl Gershman and John Richardson, then the N.E.D. chair, convened a meeting of "Soviet experts" to "review the programs [N.E.D.] is funding to encourage democratic trends in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union." Herbert Ellison, former director of the Kennan Institute, was concerned about the center. He told us, "I think it was a very widespread notion that they really oughtn't to try to undertake any kind of active intelligence that would involve any kind of parallel to intelligence activities properly undertaken by government agencies with that assignment."

Ellison's concern is shared by a number of former dissidents now living in the United States. Ludmilla Alexeyeva, author of the widely respected book *Soviet Dissent* and a leading human rights activist, remembers that "Agaev showed me his original proposal in 1984 and I refused to work with him because I thought it was dangerous for people in the Soviet Union." Pavel Litvinov, one of the leading members of the Moscow human rights movement in the 1960s, says that Yarim-Agaev and Bukovsky tried to win his support for the center's work when they first applied to the N.E.D. for funds. They asked Litvinov for the names of his friends in Moscow and of people he knew who traveled to the Soviet Union regularly. They planned to enter these names in a centralized computer data base to be set up with N.E.D. funds. Litvinov refused. "My principle," he says, "is always to be extremely cautious. I would never put information in any semiofficial or official computer." Litvinov says that Bukovsky and Yarim-Agaev's center resembles "a new, modern N.T.S." (a C.I.A.-funded White Russian émigré group that advocates the overthrow of the Soviet system). "It hurts the cause of human rights," he says. "My

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strong belief is that you do what you say you're doing. If your purpose is political struggle to overturn Soviet Union, then don't make human rights front. . . . Don't get people involved in false struggle."

Catherine Fitzpatrick, director of research at Helsinki Watch, the human rights monitoring group, thinks that N.E.D. funding compromises and endangers human rights work. She argues, "It's not wrong to help human rights activists [in the Soviet Union], but it's wrong to use government money for that purpose. It's potentially very harmful to people there." Fitzpatrick also questions how the center's information was used. "It's one thing when we gather information because it stays in our office, but it's dangerous to the whole cause when you mingle human rights monitoring and intelligence-gathering. Is the center revealing the names of its contacts in Moscow to N.E.D.? Does it share the information in its computer bank with N.E.D.? Does the center give N.E.D. the names of its 'couriers'?"

The N.E.D. declined to respond to questions about how the center's information was used. Instead, N.E.D. spokeswoman Diane Bettge, quoting from a June 1987 evaluation, described the center as "an organization which [had] established itself as a force for assisting human rights activists and political dissidents in the Soviet Union." As for criticism of the center's activities by the N.E.D.'s own Soviet experts, Bettge admits that "caution was urged with respect to certain programs of the center, such as the I.E.P. This was because these programs were more activist in nature than other programs considered and could therefore be difficult to conduct within a totalitarian system."

The Soviet government has traditionally associated most kinds of dissident activity with so-called enemies of the Soviet Union abroad. The standard charge has been that dissident groups are either working for, inspired by or helping Western intelligence agencies. Such accusations continue to be heard today: Last February, *Pravda* accused *Glasnost*'s editor, Sergei Grigoryants, of serving Western interests. There is substantial evidence, however, that under Gorbachev the Soviet government is beginning to shake free of its neo-Stalinist attitude toward dissent. There is a broadening of the parameters of discussion and a tenuous tolerance of unofficial groups. And Gorbachev's talk of socialist pluralism bodes well for independent groups.

But these hopeful signs are fragile; Gorbachev and his supporters, who face powerful and entrenched opposition, are not fully confident of the outcome of reform. In this struggle for growing tolerance and openness, any Western effort, whether inadvertent or intentional, to use Soviet citizens for ulterior purposes can only end badly all around—for those who have had ties to dissident and independent political activity in the Soviet Union, for Gorbachev's reform program and for those in the West who care about human rights. The Center for Democracy's reckless and provocative schemes, and the National Endowment for Democracy's support of them, give ammunition to Soviet conservatives who oppose the current liberalization process and the rapprochement with the West. It would be tragic if *Glasnost* was silenced as a result. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Talking Past History

ROGER WILKINS

AND WE ARE NOT SAVED: The Elusive Quest for Racial Justice. *By Derrick Bell. Basic Books. 288 pp. $19.95.*

For as long as blacks have been in this country, we have asked questions about our condition here: What are the dimensions of our problem? What is the nature of our foe? How can we get stronger? Are we using the right weapons? Is justice possible here? How much despair is rational? Who are we, anyway? How far is it to freedom?

Our slave forebears asked those questions as did our philosophers, our domestic workers, our poets and our jailed brothers and sisters. Now, right on time, comes Derrick Bell to bring the powerful insights of his former vocation and the tricks of his current trade to bear on all these issues. Among other things, Bell has been a staff lawyer for the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, the first tenured black on the Harvard Law School faculty, dean at the University of Oregon Law School, visiting professor at Stanford Law School, and is now back at Harvard.

In *And We Are Not Saved*, which was originally prepared as the foreword to the Supreme Court issue of volume ninety-nine of the *Harvard Law Review*, Bell uses a law professor's hypothetical situations and imaginary Socratic dialogues as lasers to probe the farthest reaches of blacks' enduring questions. But there is nothing stiff, formal or Harvard-like about this. Bell lets his imagination go, inventing Geneva Crenshaw as the interlocutor for a straight man, who is much like Bell himself. And what an interlocutor Geneva is! She is a black ghost, a six-foot feminist with whom the Bell-like narrator once practiced civil rights law. Some years prior to the opening of this book, Geneva has—if not died and gone to heaven—paused and gone to a place where celestial beings force her to face all the conundrums of the black condition in America. In order to unravel them, she returns to engage the narrator in a series of dialogues that utilize much of the American experience to re-examine the strategies employed by the civil rights movement over the last thirty-five years. Together they search for answers to all the old questions.

The answer blacks need most urgently now, at the end of Reagan's 1980s, is where we are now and what do we do next. Bell's answers to those questions are enriched by the fact that he has spent a good deal of time dealing with the savage racism of the sometimes genteel people who work in America's elite institutions. He has been around; he has been wounded; he knows a lot and all of that is stunningly apparent in this rich and valuable book.

Anyone seeking here for comfort about the state of race relations, applause for our nation's achievements or salutes to the wisdom of our black leaders can forget it. The tone of the book is set in the introduction, where Bell writes:

> But the task of equal-justice advocates has not become easier simply because neither slavery's chains, nor the lyncher's rope, nor humiliating Jim Crow signs are any longer the main means of holding black people in a subordinated status. Today, while all manner of civil rights laws and precedents are in place, the protection they provide is diluted by lax enforcement, by the establishment of difficult-to-meet standards of proof, and, worst of all, by the increasing irrelevance of antidiscrimination laws to race-related disadvantages, now as likely to be a result as much of social class as of color.

Bell's hypotheticals are presented as fables—chronicles, he calls them—which explore every conceivable corrective for the black condition. Some of these correctives are standard (affirmative action, voting rights) while others are phantasmagorically unconventional (imagining a skillful black advocate at the constitutional convention or black history study groups that make blacks the prototypes of law-abiding, superachieving Americans). The invented correctives have one thing in common: They fail just as, in Bell's view, their real-world counterparts have failed to "save" blacks. The reason for this failure, as Bell often stresses, has everything to do with the nature of American whites: their reverence for property and their need for mastery and domination. For example, in criticizing the guidance of the Supreme Court that schools be desegregated "with all deliberate speed," the narrator says:

> The Supreme Court in 1955, in addition to sensing the strong opposition to desegregation, had recognized that the separation of students by race was actually not an end in itself but a convenient means of perpetuating the primary aim: the dominance of whites over blacks in every important aspect of life.

In critiquing a plan—advanced hypothetically in one of the chronicles—to pay reparations to blacks, the narrator says:

> Limiting the redistribution to the black poor would upset or at least threaten the longstanding arrangement, no less fixed because it is unspoken, that whites are to be taken care of first in this society—on the ongoing assumption that they, not blacks, are America's chosen ones.
>
> . . .
>
> Paying the financial cost is only one component of opposition. Protecting the vested interest of superior status is of equal importance.

According to Bell's thesis, the cultural forces that shape the whites with whom blacks interact today were already at work in 1787 and were accepted, ratified and perpetuated during the years of the new nation by the framers of the Constitution. Bell's central question is "whether . . . this economic-political disadvantage set in motion by the Framers—is beyond any known power to halt or even alter."

In his richly researched chronicle on the constitutional convention, Bell makes two points about the framers' compromise that preserved slavery. He first makes the generally recognized point that it was the glue necessary to salvage the union and that it also served incidentally to settle and secure property rights therein. He then advances the more complex thesis that the threat posed by poor and landless whites to the security of wealthy landowners was kept in check by the perpetuation of the black subclass. It was thereby possible for the ruling class to use ideals of equality and liberty (for whites only, of course) to secure the loyalty of other whites. The framers thus introduced into the Consti-

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tution the foundations of our current racial problems and laid the groundwork for almost seventeen more decades of lawful racial subordination in one form or another—more than sufficient time for cultural practices to harden into instinctive behavior and even profound psychological need on the part of much of America's white population.

In his chronicle on education, Bell, who was an early critic of school desegregation undertaken solely for the sake of integration, examines some of the contemporary consequences of the framers' compromise. He views much of court-ordered integration as disastrous for black children, many of whom were mistreated, ignored or demeaned in their new schools, and for many black educators, many of whom lost their jobs in the integration process. He argues that it was a mistake for civil rights strategists to equate integration with effective education for black children. He cites with approval the second thoughts of Judge Robert L. Carter, one of the original legal strategists, who in hindsight believes that in 1954 he should have urged the Supreme Court to listen to educators rather than to social scientists. The social scientists wrote about the psychological scars of segregation. Carter now thinks it would have been better to have asked educators to write about effective education. Bell's chronicle on education also dramatizes the irony that whites benefited enormously from the integration process as a result of new jobs and additional money being made available to implement integration. Similar points are made about the benefits that accrued to whites as a result of other civil rights remedies.

In looking at civil rights failures in education, Bell reaches conclusions that are not unlike his rueful ruminations on the outcomes of other corrective strategies. He has the narrator say:

> We knew we were in the right, that God was on our side, and all of that, but while we spoke and thought in an atmosphere of "rights and justice," our opponents had their eyes on the economic benefits and power relationships all the time. And that difference in priorities meant that the price of black progress was benefits to the other side, benefits that tokenized our gains and sometimes strengthened the relative advantages whites held over us.

And We Are Not Saved says in a thoughtful and fully rounded way things about civil rights that black people have been thinking and sensing in bits and pieces for some time. It conveys a sense that no matter what we try, blacks will be enveloped by an endlessly adaptable and generally unyielding racism that will bend in minor ways but will not break on basic points involving wealth, significant power or the psychological comfort of white people. It also offers a profound analysis of the Supreme Court's civil rights rulings, not only in terms of legal doctrine but also regarding the political and cultural realities that shape that doctrine. Moreover, against the background of Reagan's seven years of white backlash, the gloom that pervades this book seems, at first blush, to be just about right.

And yet, although I find this book valuable and feel enriched by it, I am not entirely comfortable either with that mood or the book's conclusion. My problem with Bell's mood arises from the fact that it seems to grow out of his disappointment with the ugly constrictions still governing the minds and spirits of most white people. I used to spend a lot of my time thinking about that, but these days I am more interested in what is going on in the minds and spirits of black people.

It is still a necessity to understand white people for purposes of daily survival, but when it comes to matters of politics and culture—such as the subjects of *And We Are Not Saved*, involving the future of black people in North America—the development of blacks into potent, collective participants in the shaping of their own fate is more interesting and probably more important. Surely, in those matters, the ideas about us that are in the heads of such representative white people as Strom Thurmond, Ed Koch, Jimmy the Greek, Paul Kirk, Saul Bellow or William Bradford Reynolds, though damaging in the short term, are foolish and trivial next to the grandeur of blacks' historic struggle.

I think Bell is too pessimistic about what we have accomplished and also miscalculates one of the major values of his book. Before the civil rights days that he examines, some middle-class blacks believed that human-relations commissions, interracial potluck dinners, broad-based community uplift projects and sweeping demonstrations of the evils of racism would improve white people for good. Unfortunately, having been confronted with their folly and evil, white people didn't jump back, confess their sins, hand us our freedom and promise to raise their children better. It is deeply disappointing that rac-

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ism is so tenacious. Bell's book draws together the hard lessons of that period to show just how deeply embedded in American culture racism continues to be. That, in itself, is a great service.

On the other hand, blacks didn't exactly stand still either. It is true that many, many blacks still die because of racism and that millions of others are trapped in poverty and daily experience their lives being twisted and pressed down by the weight of futurelessness. But it is also true that others of us have more elbowroom in America than any generation of blacks born on this continent. And our strength as a people grew enormously as a result of our beginning, in the 1950s and 1960s, to participate in the shaping of American history rather than continuing to be passive objects of it.

The principal weakness in Bell's book is that when he approaches the question of what we do next, his literary-pedagogical device gets in the way. His supernatural expositions, including celestial choirs, stand where I would have preferred to see hard analysis about strategy, organization and politics. Bell urges blacks to continue to struggle and suggests that by doing so, we may contribute a higher morality to the nation.

One of the best parts of this section of the book includes an exchange between two black characters in which one says that blacks "are determined to have a share of America's dividends—dividends equal to the burdens we have borne, and adequate to compensate us for our gifts." The other responds: "Had you been alive before the Civil War, would it have been in keeping with your goal to transform blacks from slaves to slave owners?"

That question is directly relevant to the question, what next? If the blacks who have achieved some elbowroom as a result of past struggles adopt standard American individualism, then Bell's mood is not nearly dark enough. Black people in Montgomery began to change history by caring for one another, believing in one another and acting in concert to improve their own lives. They weren't too concerned about the morality of the entire nation. The ripple effect from what they did there in 1955 and 1956, though they could not possibly have foreseen it, ultimately produced the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965 and changed America for the better. One of the incidental effects was that life improved and became more profitable for a lot of white people. But, whatever benefit accrued to whites, blacks are better off because those laws are on the books. We are also better off because we know that we achieved some political potency and cohesion, and we opened up life for some of our children. In a real sense, in Bell's terms, we saved ourselves a little bit.

It is now time for saving ourselves some more. As Bell correctly points out, an urgent problem—the isolation and the grinding up of the black poor—is at hand. It is a problem that will ultimately require the political will of the nation and a great deal of money. But we are back at the Montgomery stage with this problem, and we need the help of successful blacks to solve it. My choice of a place to start would be the inner-city schools, which undeniably need help and which have student populations desperately in need of black role models.

An invasion of black middle-class volunteers into the schools of poor black children would surely lead to a new politics, just as the black rejection of segregation in Montgomery did a generation ago. Changes would occur. Not all the changes would happen according to plan. White people would undoubtedly thwart some of this effort and would divert other aspects of it to their own advantage. But the limitations of white people are a little like Mount Everest. They are there. The only thing to do is to live our lives and climb on over them. And, like the people in Montgomery, who did just that, once at the top, we're likely to find that it was not so daunting as we'd thought, that we'd picked up a few friends and changed a few things on the way. But that can only happen if black people struggle together to save themselves.

In beginning to think about how we ought to go about this task, one must read *And We Are Not Saved*. Whatever my quibbles with its conclusion, it forces us to think creatively about the things we must do next in order to continue saving ourselves. □

The Small Time

STUART KLAWANS

Surely it is too late in the day for me to add to the literature on Harry Mathews, America's most celebrated unknown writer. So here goes:

Half a decade ago in Paris, a short fiction titled "Plaisirs singuliers" appeared, rendered into French by the novelist Marie Chaix. The publisher was obscure; the original story, in English, remained unseen. Already, the situation resembles something invented by Harry Mathews. Perhaps in his version a curious scholar would set off to examine the original manuscript, only to learn that Marie Chaix had never possessed it; her translation would turn out to be a series of notes on the anonymous, obscene phone calls she had received from an American who seemed to have the wrong number. Imagine the possibilities! But I am bound by reality and must report only that "Singular Pleasures," a story by Harry Mathews, does exist and has at last appeared in its native English in the Winter 1988 issue of *Grand Street*.

The formula for "Singular Pleasures"—there is always a formula of some kind with Mathews—is relatively simple. There are sixty-one paragraphs; each mentions a character (with his or her age), a city and a method of masturbation. In general, the characters are alternately male and female, though this rule is not strictly enforced. One can, of course, read the whole thing as a metaphor for literary creation itself, and in paragraphs forty-four through forty-eight Mathews encourages just such an interpretation. That section deals with the activities of a group called Masturbation and Its Discontents, or MAID, "a quasi-subversive organization" that "encourages its members to invent obstacles to overcome while masturbating": for example, completing the act while reciting Milton's "Il Penseroso" to no fewer than three listeners. At this point, we are not far from a literary group to which Mathews belongs, the Oulipo. This real organization—at least it *pretends* to be real—encourages its members to invent obstacles to overcome while writing: for example, composing a whole novel without using the letter "e."

To Mathews's detractors, this identification of literary artifice with masturbation might seem an apt judgment on his own sins of emission. If only Mathews were less clever, his critics say; if only he were less inventive, less erudite, less adroit—*then* he'd be a good writer. Rather than attempt to answer this criticism—it really is too late in the day for that—I will direct the reader to the Fall 1987 issue of *The Review of*

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Contemporary Fiction, which is devoted almost in its entirety to Mathews. There, in the text of an address delivered to a college audience, Mathews justifies himself, beginning with a sentence that is, even for him, a surprise: "I intend to talk to you seriously."

This is not what one expects from a writer known for his preference for imagination and wordplay over direct addresses to the real world. But Mathews's writing has always had its social side. At times, he has legislated a literary Utopia where the race or sex of a character is of so little consequence that the categories have disappeared. He has similarly consigned to oblivion the distinction between homosexuality and heterosexuality. And, of course, he is unfailingly entertaining, a sure sign of a writer who truly cares for the reader. This aspect of Mathews comes forward in his address to the college audience, as well as in interviews with John Ashbery and John Ash. *The Review of Contemporary Fiction* also contains appreciations by fellow novelists Georges Perec, Edmund White, Frederick Ted Castle and Joseph McElroy, and, among other essays, one that I found particularly charming: an analysis of the arcana in Mathews's first novel, *The Conversions*, by Tomasz Mirkowicz, who had the audacity to translate the thing into Polish.

Thanks to the Anglo-American publisher Carcanet, it is once again possible to own a copy of *The Conversions* and of Mathews's next two novels as well: *Tlooth* (a picaresque tale on the horrors of dentistry) and *The Sinking of the Odradek Stadium* (written partly in the language of the Southeast Asian nation of Pan-Nam). A new novel, titled *Cigarettes*, has just been published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, which is not large as mainstream publishers go but cannot qualify for the honor roll of small presses that have kept Mathews's work alive.

The extent of our debt to the small press can be judged from the Mathews bibliography in *The Review of Contemporary Fiction*. This checklist, which is appropriately obsessive, was compiled by William McPheron, and it makes entertaining reading in itself. Put together the titles of some of the articles that have appeared on Mathews and you get something of a tribute in recombinant prose. "Cryptic quest, night reading and a monster from Austria: all this concern with doom is a sign of the times? Many unique topics, new ideas can be found in not-so-well-known tomes. Bizzarrie linguistiche! Avez-vous lu Harry Mathews?" (*Grand Street*: $5, or $20 per one-year subscription, 50 Riverside Drive, New York, NY 10024; *The Review of Contemporary Fiction*: $8, $15 for a three-issue subscription, 1817 79th Avenue, Elmwood Park, IL 60635. *The Conversions* and *Tlooth* [$8.50 each] and *The Sinking of the Odradek Stadium* [$7.50] from Carcanet, 198 Sixth Avenue, New York, NY 10013.)

One of the pleasures of the exhibition Committed to Print at the Museum of Modern Art is that visitors can buy some of the works on display, and quite reasonably. For museum-goers who become fatigued at the thought of millions of dollars piling up in the galleries, this comes as a great relief. For once, you can simply enjoy the objects for themselves without troubling yourself over what they would fetch at auction and how much bad karma you've acquired just by looking at them. And then, if you've liked some of the artists' books—by Sue Coe, Mimi Smith, Bruce Nauman, Margia Kramer and Michael Corris, for example—you can go downtown to Printed Matter, where the ones I've mentioned all cost less than $25.

If I dwell on the cost of the artists' books, it's not out of a mania for acquisition. For years, the art world has been in crisis over the transformation of artworks into luxury goods. All of the three basic psychological mechanisms have been called in to deal with the problem: confrontation, avoidance and gossip. But a number of politically aware artists have come up with a more useful strategy, producing work in a form that is reproducible, portable and fairly cheap—reasonable criteria for art that aspires to political ends. The proliferation of artists' books over the past twenty years is one of the unstated subjects of Committed to Print, which documents social and political themes in recent American art. Indeed, such an exhibition would be hard to imagine without the contributions artists' books have made both to visual culture and to the critical debate.

Printed Matter can take credit for a contribution of its own to this recent history. The leading distributor of artists' books, as well as a bookstore and occasional publisher, Printed Matter has both encouraged the growth of the field and helped influence the more official members of the art world. A dozen years ago, when Printed Matter started up, the ideas behind it were shared by a bunch of

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low-budget artists. Today, many of the same ideas have taken shape at an exhibition at MoMA. That's not a bad achievement. But, even better, Printed Matter now carries more than 3,000 titles by 2,500 visual artists. To quote Lucy Lippard, one of its board members, "Printed Matter is clearly an idea whose time has still not gone away."

One other small-press group should get special credit for contributing to Committed to Print. *Heresies*, a feminist publication on art and politics, appears once in the show, in the form of its issue No. 14, "The Women's Pages." But as with Printed Matter, to which it is loosely allied, *Heresies* has been widely influential—so much so that I would suggest, if you want to understand what's happening in the art world, that you close your *Art in America* and open your *Heresies*. The current issue, No. 22, is on "Art in Unestablished Channels." A warning to novices: Roughly half the magazine is composed of art goo, a viscous glop that is widely used by the visual arts crowd as a substitute for prose. Put up with it, and enjoy the pockets of relief provided by Sarah Schulman (with an excerpt from her novel *After Delores*), Carmen Wong (with her poem "Strange Dread") and Jeanne Kamins, an artist who contributes an account of her impersonation of the Minister of Human Resources (i.e., welfare) of British Columbia. (Printed Matter catalogue: 7 Lispenard Street, New York, NY 10013; *Heresies*: $5.50, $6 for back issues, $17 for four-issue subscription, P.O. Box 1306, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013.)

Vol. 1, No. 1: For those who like to encourage the young, here is a list of worthy start-up magazines that have come my way in recent months.

Cake is an unusually handsome, slick-covered magazine that will appear three times a year. It will publish anything two-dimensional: poems, stories, recipes, photographs (there are some fine ones by Bruce Hucko and Alexandra Karam), blueprints, inserts, stickers. The editors are especially interested in writing by members of groups; the first issue, for example, contains short pieces by Navajo children who go to school together in San Juan County, Utah. ($6.50, three issues for $15, 532 Hickory Street, San Francisco, CA 94102.)

Dirty Bum: A Magazine has already put out two issues through the time-honored typewriter-and-photocopy method. The featured piece thus far has been a serialization of Chandler Brossard's *Postcards: Don't You Just Wish You Were Here!* a report on the character typology of various unpleasant American towns such as Cheek by Jowl, Connecticut. The first number also includes a poem by Wanda Coleman in which the narrator vaunts the virtues of her thang. ($3, $10 per year, payable to Joyce Stokes, P.O. Box 3029, New York, NY 10185.)

Transfer, a semiannual publication, started in Fall 1987 with a very uneven collection of writing and a beautiful block-print cover by Louise Hamlin. The best of the pieces—"Lessons in Things," by Ron Padgett; a memoir of hanging out in Mexico, by Greg Masters; an "Ode to Utopia," by Gary Lenhart—make me expect good things to come. ($5, $8 per year, c/o Gary Lenhart, 248 West 105th Street, New York, NY 10025.)

5 AM, a poetry magazine in tabloid format, comes out of Pittsburgh with an appealingly varied group of writers, among them Rita Dove, William Stafford, Gary Soto and Olga Broumas. The editors are actively looking for poetry by ethnic minorities, women, gays, lesbians and political malcontents; the results, in the first issue at least, are very good. ($2 for a sample issue, $4 per one-year subscription, 1109 Milton Avenue, Pittsburgh, PA 15218.)

And, as the finale, we have *& then*, which would be notable if only for the interview it published in its first issue: a conversation between Gary Sheinfeld and James Baldwin. If you still have not absorbed the loss of the man, take heart. Baldwin is still here—not only the Baldwin of public pronouncements and rhetorical flourishes but the Baldwin who could abruptly ask, "Why am I so gloomy?"; the Baldwin who could explain that he'd recently jumped onto a New York City bus for the first time in years and unexpectedly felt safe, "because it would never occur to them that I was on the bus." ($4, c/o Robert Roth, 210 West 10th Street, #3D, New York, NY 10014.)

Annals of the Big Time: While Rupert Murdoch was dumping *The New York Post* in a final round of union-bashing and recriminations, he was simultaneously buying into the sixth largest publisher of college textbooks in the United States. *The New York Times* reports that Pearson PLC, a British holding company, has acquired the Addison-Wesley Publishing Company for $283 mil-

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lion. As of mid-February, Murdoch owned 20.6 percent of Pearson, so he now has a good chunk of Addison-Wesley as well. Murdoch also owns Harper & Row, while Pearson numbers among its properties Viking/Penguin and New American Library. The chairman of Pearson, a character who calls himself Lord Blakenham, denied that Murdoch had influenced Pearson's decision to buy Addison-Wesley. Murdoch, after all, owns only a fifth of the parent company, and butter would not melt in Lord Blakenham's mouth.

The Murdoch-Pearson string of Harper & Row, Viking/Penguin, N.A.L. and Addison-Wesley is impressive. In terms of cartel power, though, it lags far behind the Newhouse group of Knopf, Random House, Pantheon, Vintage, Times Books, *The New Yorker*, Condé Nast and Newhouse Newspapers. Murdoch-Pearson is also well behind the Doubleday, Bantam, Dell, Doubleday Book Clubs chain run from Germany by Bertelsmann A.G. Thus, I can reassure the reader that the marketplace of ideas is still bustlingly diverse, as someone remarked just the other night on General Electric's TV network. □

'El Hombre Invisible'

ROBIN LYDENBERG

THE WESTERN LANDS. *By William S. Burroughs. Viking. 258 pp. $18.95.*

In Tangier in the 1950s, then an exotic outpost for writers and artists and a lively marketplace for drugs and sex, William S. Burroughs was known by the locals as "el hombre invisible," the invisible man. Despite his shadowy presence and conservative dress (he later called it "banker's drag"), Burroughs's life did not remain obscure for long. Mythologized in the early fiction of Jack Kerouac, Burroughs had become a beat legend even before he made his mark as a writer. The legend was a paradoxical one. Both Allen Ginsberg and Kerouac credit Burroughs as a "great teacher" who introduced them to modern writers from Freud to Céline while he also brought them in touch with the marginal world of New York City's outcasts and petty criminals.

Behind the high drama of the beat myth and the cultivated anonymity of his actual life, however, Burroughs was hard at work composing the routines that would be assembled into his novel *Naked Lunch*. When the first excerpts appeared in the United States in 1959, they provoked a legal battle that went all the way to the Massachusetts Supreme Court, where *Naked Lunch* was eventually acquitted of obscenity charges. (Michael Goodman has meticulously and entertainingly chronicled the entire legal saga in *Contemporary Literary Censorship: The Case History of Burroughs' "Naked Lunch,"* published by Scarecrow Press of Metuchen, New Jersey, in 1981.)

Naked Lunch also set off a substantial literary controversy, and Burroughs's early admirers and defenders—among them Mary McCarthy, Norman Mailer and John Ciardi—were countered by those who found his depiction of an underworld of drugs, sex and violence offensive and his narrative innovations unreadable.

While the critics and the courts were debating the merits of *Naked Lunch*, Burroughs had already moved on to more radical stylistic ground with what he called his "cut-up" technique. In *The Soft Machine*, *The Ticket That Exploded* and *Nova Express*, Burroughs interrupts conventional narrative continuity by cutting and splicing pieces of his own writing into fragments of other writers' poetry and fiction, song lyrics and advertisements, popular scientific treatises and news bulletins. The trilogy of novels in which he employed this difficult and disjointed style found fewer admirers than *Naked Lunch*, but many continued to defend Burroughs as a serious artist, a scientist of the word. Typical of the debate surrounding his work during the early 1960s was a review in *The Times Literary Supplement*, headlined "Ugh," which generated weeks of heated argument in the paper's letters column.

By the 1970s Burroughs had solidified his international reputation with a new generation, which identified closely with his fierce satire of Western civilization and his apocalyptic urgency. At countercultural gatherings like the Nova Convention in New York City and the Colloque de Tanger in Geneva, various luminaries paid tribute to him as a space-age prophet and bard. Now in his mid-70s, Burroughs has also achieved mainstream respectability: Elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters and also a Commandeur de L'Ordre des Arts et Lettres in France, he is the subject of six books, several bibliographies, dissertations and a steady flow of scholarly articles. Burroughs's cameo appearances on *Saturday Night Live*, in the pages of *Rolling Stone* and *Crawdaddy* and on film in a ghostly tango with Laurie Anderson have brought him yet another generation of admiring readers.

The Burroughs legend still threatens to obscure the intellectual and aesthetic integrity of his work, but Burroughs himself has continued to write and evolve. With the publication of *Cities of the Red Night* in 1981, Burroughs entered a new phase in his development; the novel was praised by many reviewers as his most powerful and organically unified narrative. The completion of the trilogy it began, with *The Place of Dead Roads* in 1984 and *The Western Lands* last fall, provides an occasion for a serious reassessment of "el hombre invisible."

When asked what he thought of William Burroughs, Samuel Beckett responded with appropriate minimalist precision, "Well, he's a writer." In his early fiction, Burroughs often casts himself otherwise—in walk-on roles he appears as a junky, con man, carnival huckster, detective or intergalactic revolutionary agent. Increasingly, however, he has turned up in the more recognizable garb of the writer in solitary combat with language and history. His fascination with the writer's power as a storyteller is most explicitly dramatized in his second trilogy. It begins with the intersecting plots of *Cities of the Red Night*, taking the reader back in time through an ancient plague, through the establishment of a renegade utopian community in the eighteenth century and into the present and future with a surreal detective story. This sprawling narrative is pulled together by the convergence of its three heroes as writers documenting, forging and reimagining history. Burroughs's subsequent novel, *The Place of Dead Roads*, also pulls the reader back and forth in time, but the narrative is anchored by the single figure of Kim Carsons, nineteenth-century frontier "shootist." Carsons' mission is to "shoot his way out by blasting a hole in reality" before the novel returns to the inevitable moment with which it began: the

Robin Lydenberg is an associate professor of English at Boston College and the author of Word Cultures: Radical Theory and Practice in William S. Burroughs' Fiction *(University of Illinois Press).*

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violent death of the protagonist's creator, William Seward Hall, who writes western tales under the pseudonym Kim Carsons.

The desire to escape from history, time and death remains the motivating force in *The Western Lands*. But here the extravagant plots and characters of the previous novels are condensed to brief allusions, and the struggle of the writer to create and to keep his creations alive both frames and dominates the narrative. What is unique about the allegory of the writer's struggle in *The Western Lands* is that creativity is no longer depicted as violent aggression, sexual exhilaration or hallucinatory fantasy—it has instead a peculiarly domestic, almost maternal quality. The book includes what is probably Burroughs's most intimate self-portrait.

The Western Lands opens with a wonderful sequence about "the old writer," William Seward Hall again, living in a boxcar on an abandoned junk heap. Victim of a cosmic writer's block, Hall is gripped by "a disgust for his words [that] accumulated until it choked him . . . like arsenic or lead, which slowly builds up in the body until a certain point is reached and then . . . he hummed the refrain of 'Dead Man Blues' by Jelly Roll Morton." Trying to write his way out of death, Hall relies on dreams and visions to give him access to words not his own. Despite his vigilance, Hall's initial hallucination yields only cryptic fragments, "'the fate of others' . . . 'well almost never' . . . '2001.'" After this halting start, however, the narrative ventures out on what will be a series of attempts to reach the Western Lands, the resting place of the Immortals in the Egyptian mythology that pervades this novel. The pilgrimages take us through ancient Egypt with the scribe Neferti, to the island of Esmeraldas in search of giant centipedes and through moments of cataclysmic disaster past and future with Joe the Dead, Kim and others. But we always return to Hall's mind, where these scenarios fade in and out of focus.

Burroughs's fiction has been questing for some way out of time and into the freedom of bodiless space and silence since *Naked Lunch*. In *The Western Lands* it is finally clear: "There isn't any transport out. There isn't any important assignment," there is only an aimless itinerary of dead-end excursions.

Somehow this news does not come as a terrible revelation. *The Western Lands* is narrated with a detached irony beyond illusion and thus beyond the pain of disillusionment. While the earlier novels often intone a nostalgic litany of farewells to the past or telegraph urgent messages of an apocalyptic or utopian future, this novel is issued from the present. If Burroughs hasn't made it to the Western Lands, at least he knows where he is and can measure his progress: "a series of modest goals leading to a series of modest achievements which became at some point quite considerable." He concedes with uncharacteristic satisfaction, at one point, "To be alive at all is a victory."

From this vantage point, Burroughs looks unflinchingly on the panorama of human fears and self-delusions, and he documents this territory with a bleak courage only matched by that of Kafka or Beckett. Each new pilgrimage is charged with energy and hope, but there is always someone looking to sell immortality cheap, and always the traveler hoping for a shortcut to the Western Lands. So traffickers in illusion drugs hit the market, offering such specialized highs as the "Western Bubble," which gives the buyer a euphoric release from all bodily needs, only to plunge him back into a reality made even bleaker by contrast: "abrasive, dreary, dead-end surfaces where everything is exactly what it seems to be . . . no mystery, no magic. . . . The unfortunate traveller, having poured all his magic into the bubble . . . POP . . . gritty surface with nothing behind."

While *The Western Lands* documents these painful alternations of mood and energy, Burroughs himself seems less subject to them, or he has learned how to ride them out. Perhaps he has finally achieved in this novel the detached passivity recommended by his dictum "the way OUT is the way IN," the way to escape the horror is to let it in and through. So here as in all of his work he generates images of "filth, horror, fear, hate, disease and death." But instead of settling like a heavy fog over these pages, Burroughs's catalogue of "carnival horrors" whirls by in a black tornado "round and round faster and faster," spiraling up into the sky and out of sight. In its wake the world is momentarily cleansed, and glimpses of simple beauty flash out: "a line of trees, then white grain elevators crash into the sky like a painting in the Whitney Museum."

The sharpened vision of this book, more pictorial than any of Burroughs's previous novels, yields moments of intense and simple joy set off against the darkened backdrop of horror: "I want to reach the Western Lands—right in front of you, across the bubbling brook. It's a frozen sewer. It's known as the Duad, remember? . . . Let it flow! My cat Fletch stretches behind me on the bed. A tree like black lace against a gray sky. A flash of joy." These flashes of beauty and joy *are* the Western Lands, and the only mortal error is to cling to them, to try to make them solid like some fool "got his condominium in the Western Lands all picked out and paid for." For Burroughs, the promised land is not a piece of commercial real estate but the self-sustaining and disembodied domain of art: "We will make ourselves less solid . . . well that's what art is all about isn't it? all creative thought?"

What makes the Western Lands of art a biological, an evolutionary necessity in Burroughs's mind is the possibility it offers for human contact and continuity. Despite his efforts to escape from memory, emotion, the body; despite an experimental style that has more often repelled than invited readers, the goal of Burroughs's writing has always been to make contact and to leave a legacy. So the "old writer," bereft of family ties and isolated from human companionship, begins to write animal stories inspired by illustrated books: "The writer caresses the pictures as he turns the pages and pulls them toward him as he's seen a mother cat reach out and pull her five kittens to her." But even as he gathers them "gently to his chest, palms crossed," these offspring of the imagination are never meant to be solid. They remain "blueprint hybrids, potentials," each one "the first of its kind, the only one of its kind."

Nothing is solid and irrevocable except the protective and nurturing role the writer is given in *The Western Lands*: the role of guardian. Biologically bound to his "charge" and with "total responsibility" for its survival, the guardian is subject to an unbearable intensity of love and pain: "the love for a creature that you have created from your whole being. . . . And you do die of it, to lose the only thing your whole life means, every breath, every gesture, all the weariness and pain for this one act." Interwoven with this almost maudlin allegory of the writer's burden are more moving glimpses of domestic reality as the writer obsessively tidies his workspace, making sure that every object has felt his touch.

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Despite the tenderness, the precision and the suffering, there are no guarantees. As Burroughs quipped recently looking back over the years of scandalized reviews, "Well, in the (last) words of Dutch Schultz, 'So many good ones, and so many bad ones; that's what you get for trying.'"

And Burroughs does keep trying, because he has the "contact habit" and he's still not ready to give up or give up on his readers. So he is always preparing for another pilgrimage, always able to summon the wacky and grotesque humor, the perfect mimicry of American crudeness, the linguistic experimentation and elegiac moments of poetic beauty that make him, as Beckett said, a writer. □

BOOK NOTES.

JULIE ABRAHAM

SUMMER WILL SHOW. *By Sylvia Townsend Warner. Virago/Penguin. 406 pp. $6.95.*

Sylvia Townsend Warner's *Summer Will Show* is a fictional account of collisions among classes, genders and sexualities, a *Well of Loneliness* with antiracist, anticapitalist politics, a lesbian *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid* set in the revolutionary Paris of 1848. Dedicated to Townsend Warner's lover, Valentine Ackland, the novel was originally published in 1936 and is now being reissued as part of the Virago/Penguin Modern Classics series of women writers. Sammy and Rosie are in this case Sophia Willoughby, an upper-class Englishwoman of county background, and Minna Lemuel, an East European Jewish artiste—a pair whose affinity transcends class and cultural barriers although, this being 1936/1848, they never do get laid.

The 1930s are also present in the novel's portrait of political turmoil and imminent violence (reflecting the revolutionary possibilities of Popular Front France as well as Fascist repression in Germany and Italy); in Minna's history of pogroms and current endurance of anti-Semitic insult; in the status of Caspar, Sophia's illegitimate half-caste nephew, sent from some colonial outpost to train for a life of dutiful clerkship. At the same time Townsend Warner sets her nineteenth-century stage: She phrases the issues of women's relation to class and money in terms of married women's right to own property and flourishes *The Communist Manifesto* as the latest word in political analysis.

Although even the elliptical (. . .) sexual suggestion of Radclyffe Hall's classic is absent here, the emotional and most of the physical symptoms are present and accounted for:

> "But you will stay?"
> "I will stay if you wish it."
> It seemed to her that the words fell cold and glum as ice pellets. Only beneath the crust of thought did her being assent as by right to that flush of pleasure, that triumphant cry.

Townsend Warner tells us her story even in the way she tells the story: This novel is a virtual catalogue of devices for preliberation lesbian narratives. Our heroines are brought together via the familiar triangle with one straight side—following the death of her two children, Sophia pursues her cast-off husband, Frederick, to Paris, where she meets Minna, his mistress. The women are granted a night in each other's arms while Sophia is tending Minna's illness—a nice reversal of the usual lesbian-sexuality-equals-sickness equation. Such literary conventions can in retrospect seem simply harmful, but in each instance here—when the developing relationship between the women is constructed parallel to heterosexual relationships, or when their sexuality is transposed into illness—Townsend Warner is indicating the seriousness of their relationship by making these connections.

It's 1936, when you couldn't write happily—or even unhappily—ever after, even if you could live so (as Townsend Warner did with Ackland). Disaster was the only possible conclusion for a fictional lesbian relationship: sometimes the heroines are driven apart, but in the standard version, someone dies. Yet there were narrative benefits to be gained even from this murderous imposition. Not only is death the most satisfactory narrative conclusion this side of matrimony but, particularly if the crisis is precipitated by manly rage, it's an ultimate proof of lesbian content: No, they were not just good friends. No lesser punishment marked social hostility so clearly, and so, in a perverted social and literary context, nothing else marked so definitively the love of one fictional woman for another. Townsend Warner goes all the way with

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this device as well, but only after shaping her conclusion out of the effects of power and race and the revolution.

The particular achievement of *Summer Will Show* lies in the interweaving of sexual and historical stories, politics and form. Sophia has behind her the sheltered space of her family's position in England, Blandamer House and gardens and home farm, tenants and livestock and fields, with their responsibilities and authority, benevolences and fears. Minna offers Paris in 1848 and her own revolutionary politics as well as romance. The implications of a revolutionary passion for a revolutionary are contradictory and shattering. Frederick can take control of Sophia's fortune from her simply because he is still legally her husband and might disapprove of her following his example. But Minna, "not beautiful, nor young," offering "nothing that Sophia had been brought up to consider as love-worthy," challenges both emotional and financial proprieties at once:

> Sophia had been brought up in a world policed by oughts. . . . One ought to venerate age, one ought to admire the beautiful. One ought to love . . . Mamma because she was so kind, Frederick because he was her husband. . . . Behind every love or respect stood a monitorial reason, and one's emotions were the expression of a bargaining between demand and supply, a sort of political economy. . . . Minna had freed her from all this.

Beneath the windows of Minna's salon, the first stage of revolutionary success brings hunger to its supporters; the two women share in the city's poverty as well as its hopes and fears. A specter is haunting Europe, but the task at hand becomes loading dueling pistols behind barricades in the battle against counter-revolutionary troops.

Although Townsend Warner retains her realistic predisposition throughout the novel, the Victorian propriety of the first part's English family life gives way, when Minna's Paris is introduced, not to the wildly experimental, but to one striking absence. She suddenly discards the business of narrative connections, so that the scenes begin to cut one into another without any transitions from drawing room to bedroom or bedroom to street; they enact on the page the characters' relinquishing of control over their personal destinies and the author's abandoning of narrative responsibility to the historical event. *Summer Will Show*'s nineteenth century becomes modern at the advent of sexual disruption. Then the political season will show.

Finally, there remains the particular pleasure of twentieth-century suggestions (if not fulfillments) in nineteenth-century dress(es), for those of us who always wanted *The Bostonians*' Verena Tarrant to choose Olive Chancellor, and Olive to have her historical stage. □

MUSIC.

DANIEL WOLFF

Clifton Chenier

The last time I saw Clifton Chenier perform, he was too sick to stand up. But from a folding chair in front of his Red Hot Louisiana Band, he played a set of bluesy, rocking accordion solos that made it almost impossible for the audience to stay seated. Chenier (who died this December, 62 years old) was known as the King of Zydeco—black Cajun music from south Louisiana. He ruled over the boozy two-step, the up-tempo stomp and whatever else might get the oil riggers of east Texas and the shrimp fishermen of the Gulf Coast through the night. With his gold teeth and his slicked-back hair, he had a dignified, joyous stage presence that reminded me of Muddy Waters. Both men ran dance bands that played a hundred one-night stands a year at beer joints and church socials and folk festivals, and toward the ends of their lives, their faces took on a weathered, charismatic assurance which seemed to say to the audience: "I know what I'm doing. Grab a partner, and I guarantee to make it worth your while." Chenier's death is a reminder that the era when popular music grew directly out of live performance is now at an end.

Clifton Chenier was born June 25, 1925, in Opelousas, Louisiana, where his father was a sharecropper and a Saturday night accordion player. At 21, Chenier left the rice and sugar fields to join the postwar rural exodus to the cities. He and his brother Cleveland went to Lake Charles where they played together part time, Cleveland rapping out the rhythm on a washboard while Clifton squeezed the melodies from his accordion and sang. Between 1947 and 1954, the two brothers hooked into the Gulf Coast's new boom industry—oil. The Cheniers drove refinery trucks in Port Arthur, Texas, until the day talent scout J.R. Fulbright saw a crowd gathered by the side of the Lafayette highway and discovered the Cheniers playing at its center.

If Chenier's story roughly parallels that of Muddy Waters (and even Elvis Presley), his music kept a different time. As Chenier himself said, zydeco "is simply the traditional French two-step with new hinges so she can swing." Though urbanized, the music's basic structure dates back to 1604, when the French founded their first North American colony in Nova Scotia. Driven out by the British in "Le Grand Dérangement" of 1755, the surviving French colonialists (known as Acadians) made a long migration to the marshy bayous and back country of Louisiana, where the term "Acadian" evolved into "Cajun." Belonging neither to the deep South nor to the more Latin culture of big-city New Orleans, Cajun music harked back to the fiddle and drum tunes of Normandy and Brittany, and when the accordion was introduced by German immigrants in the 1870s, it was incorporated into the European mix.

Around this time (following the Haitian revolution in the late eighteenth century), there was an influx of French-speaking former slaves and mulattoes into Louisiana. In his definitive book on Cajun music, *South to Louisiana* (Pelican Publishing Company, Gretna, Louisiana), John Broven calls the racial climate in south Louisiana "more relaxed" than in most of the South, and from the first there did seem to be a mingling of music. But to this day, Cajun music and zydeco remain distinct—the major difference between the two being racial. Blacks took up the basic fiddle and drum ensemble (familiar from West African tradition), and throughout the region European dance music quickly acquired an Afro-Caribbean beat. From South America to Louisiana, new dances like the merengue arose, and the accordion became a party instrument.

Amadie Ardoin was the first black accordion player to cut records, in 1928. Ardoin, one of Chenier's earliest influences, used to be taken out of the rice fields to play for the owners, and then (as fiddler Canray Fontenot relates)

Daniel Wolff is currently touring the South with a theater/dance piece about pornography, Soft Sell.

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"Amadie would really get hot. After playing for white folks—you know, two-steps and waltzes—he would get down on some blues and just sing." Record producer Chris Strachwitz tells a similar story about Chenier: "I saw him two nights running in the late 1960s. The first night, for a white audience, he played a whole evening of two-steps and waltzes. I didn't know he knew that much of the old stuff. And then the next night, in Lake Charles, he played the current soul hits and a little zydeco with some r&b riffs thrown in."

When Chenier became a full-time musician in the mid-1950s, he fronted an electrified band backed by drums and tried to plug into the national r&b scene. He did have a minor hit with "Ay-Tête-Fille" and toured the country with early rock groups like the Clovers and the Cadillacs. Fittingly enough given his musical heritage, Chenier's "Squeeze Box Boogie" reached the juke boxes in Jamaica. But both literally and figuratively, Chenier continued to speak a different language.

Zydeco remained a throwback, sounding more like a mountain breakdown than a rock tune, because it was the minority music of an isolated region in one of the most culturally distinctive states in the union. Louisiana has certainly had an influence on our national pop sound—from Louis Armstrong's jazz to Fats Domino's string of hits in the 1950s—but it's always remained out of the mainstream. While Jerry Lee Lewis and Mahalia Jackson came from Louisiana, and Little Richard and Ray Charles passed through, the more common story is that of the late piano great Professor Longhair or the current cult favorites, the Neville Brothers. Stars in the Afro-Caribbean tradition of Louisiana, they've never quite translated into North America's dominant culture.

By the mid-1960s, regional music—from the New Orleans beat to the Chicago blues—was being absorbed into what has become our national music, rock and roll. Independent labels around the country collapsed as the success of the Beatles confirmed rock's supremacy and big corporations took over. In 1964, with r&b a thing of the past, Chenier signed with Strachwitz's Arhoolie Records, which specialized not in hit-making but preservation. Strachwitz, like Atlantic Records producer Ahmet Ertegun, was a foreign enthusiast who appreciated black American culture more than many Americans. Arriving from Germany in 1947, Strachwitz began collecting old 78s, and his passion for America's lesser-known musical styles led him to start his own label. Ironically, what gave his label a chance of surviving was the renewed (if limited) interest in urban blues and other "roots music" fostered by the British invasion.

Chenier, as Strachwitz says, "was always keen to play to the audience." Like most regional artists, Chenier fought to make his music nationally popular and, in losing, established another kind of career. Touring the "crawfish circuit" of small clubs along the Gulf Coast, he played a little country, a little pop and a lot of blues. Until he signed with Arhoolie, he recorded almost no pure zydeco and, even after, continued to put plenty of r&b on his albums. "It was always a battle to get Clifton to record the older French material," Strachwitz says. "He'd tell me, 'That isn't what the kids like!'" And he was right. As Broven points out, "It has never been possible to sustain a career strictly on zydeco music."

But what Strachwitz eventually proved was that there was a young, college-educated audience out there who wanted to hear "the old stuff." The postwar boom that had taken the Cheniers off the farm also produced a generation hungry for what they saw as America's simpler past. While none of Chenier's records ever sold more than 20,000 copies, his career prospered through the 1970s and 1980s. He became legitimate enough to break out of the tough beer joints into Louisiana's Catholic Hall dances. His income was supplemented by appearances at blues and folk festivals in this country and abroad. And he became a local legend, celebrated in Les Blank's 1973 documentary *Hot Pepper* (Flower Films). From the long station wagon drives between gigs to the drunken shows played over lousy sound systems, *Hot Pepper* captures the daily grind and pleasures of a road band. More than that, Blank manages to show us the landscape of Chenier's art: workers laying rails through small Louisiana towns, kids idly swinging off fire hydrants, the drift of a dead branch down a bayou.

"I feel bad," Strachwitz has said, "that no one came along and made a real star of him." But that was probably impossible. Periodically, there's talk of a zydeco revival as America rediscovers this pocket of its musical history. In 1987, with Cajun restaurants in every

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city and the popularity of the movie *The Big Easy* (featuring a sound track by the Neville Brothers and Professor Longhair, among others), Island Records launched Buckwheat Zydeco's new album, *On a Night Like This*. Buckwheat, a generation younger than Chenier, has added synthesizer and covered a Bob Dylan tune in his effort to become a pop commodity. The adjustments are a lot like those made by Paul Simon—our premier cultural headhunter—when he adapted Rockin' Dopsie's zydeco sound for a cut on the album *Graceland*. (Chorus: "We're all standing in the shadow of Clifton Chenier.")

But both these attempts only underline, rather than erase, the anachronistic nature of south Louisiana culture. MTV's coverage of Mardi Gras may include appearances by Buckwheat Zydeco and Queen Ida's Bon Temps Band from the West Coast, but a zydeco revival is about as likely as the resurgence of small farms. With exceptions like Los Lobos's *La Bamba* cover, regional music doesn't go Top 40 in this country unless it is sufficiently foreign to be exotic (reggae, South African township jive) and sung by white front men (Sting, Simon). As pop has concentrated more and more on recorded product, the sound of a dance band (never mind an accordion solo) rarely touches the radio waves. Bruce Springsteen and some rap stars shaped their music before live audiences, but dance music like Madonna's disco-derived pop depends more on technological innovation than performing experience.

Some 4,000 people, mostly blacks, attended Clifton Chenier's wake in Opelousas. His grave is in Loureauville, out in the sugar cane country near New Iberia where Clifton Chenier's Zydeco Club still presents the King's kind of music. If zydeco wasn't buried along with him, it's because of small labels like Strachwitz's and historically conscious organizations like the Council for the Development of French in Louisiana. The tradition continues in the black bayou communities and with young white bands like Loup Garou in New York City, Mamou in Louisiana (both so far unrecorded) and Beausoleil. Founded in the mid-1970s by fiddler Michael Doucet, Beausoleil began as an academic, preservationist group. Doucet took tunes off old 78s, rewrote traditional fiddle numbers and even recorded medieval French songs on a series of records that sounded more like projects for the Library of Congress than a living band. With this year's *Hot Chili Mama* (also on Arhoolie), that's changed. Adding a sax player, Beausoleil now plays everything from zydeco to honky-tonk music to polkas, all with a danceable beat. Rarely does a revivalist band get past mere reproduction to find its own sound: *Hot Chili Mama* is authentic party music.

Beausoleil's development doesn't indicate a loosening of American pop. But Doucet's richer, more generous sound shows that there's still an education to be had on the road. Playing at new clubs that have sprung up in bayou country as well as folk revivals and Cajun festivals, Beausoleil seems to have rediscovered the secret at the heart of Chenier's music: that the people want to dance.

(As well as Beausoleil and Chenier records, Arhoolie [10341 San Pablo Avenue, El Cerrito, CA 94530] distributes collections of early Cajun recordings and albums by fine zydeco stars like Lawrence "Black" Ardoin. Rhino Records [1720 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024] has a double-album Neville Brothers retrospective, *Treacherous*, and a three-record *History of New Orleans Rhythm and Blues*. Rounder [1 Camp Street, Cambridge, MA 02140] is producing a Modern New Orleans Master Series which includes live recordings of the Dirty Dozen Brass Band and Professor Longhair. For hard to find Louisiana albums, videos and books, write for Original Music's catalogue: RD 1, Box 190, Lasher Road, Tivoli, NY 12583.) □

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2188

■	A	S	Y	O	U	■	■	L	I	K	E	I	T	
S	■	H	■	N	■	O	■	O	■	M	■	L	■	O
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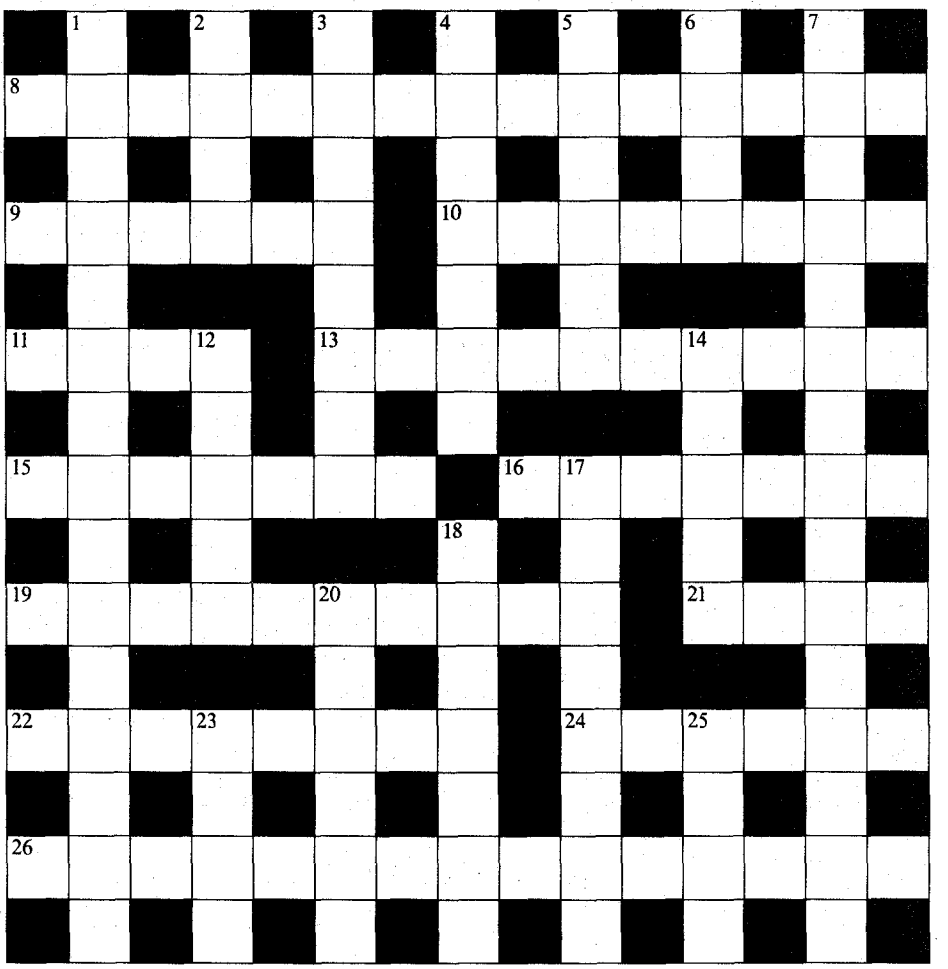
M	■	H	■	A	■	I	■	A	■	T	■	N	■	A
O	N	T	A	R	I	O	■	S	P	I	N	O	F	F
N	■	H	■	G	■	N	■	E	■	C	■	O	■	E
S	Y	S	T	E	M	■	■	O	S	A	K	A	■	■

LOCAL ONE AMALGAMATED LITHOGRAPHERS UNION NEW YORK X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 2189

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

8 Your electricity bill is part of them, obviously. (7,8)
9 When they undoubtedly had a hard time making part of the service a general thing. (3,3)
10 Is the resolution of Act I [*sic*] a painful development? (8)
11 The way some people worry with ornamental work! (4)
13 People aren't busy spreading this around, obviously! (4,6)
15 An award to the victor? What a waste! (7)
16 The animal comes inside the shelter, being injured in the old way. (8)
19 The arrival of a publicity opening? Sure it's bad in the end, but Sawyer had them! (10)
21 Part of the old missile suggests the engine is not performing correctly, by the sound of it. (4)
22 Where you might find a dozen people with such things as broken arms, etc. (8)
24 One has three in each quadrant (or had), with a large number preceding a solar burst. (6)
26 If one does, would "roast mules" be the answer? (A flip answer, no doubt!) (5,10)

DOWN

1 Oil shut up in curd formation, which is pretty different! (15)
2 Only one person can sing it when there's a possible opening on the coast. (4)
3 Sometimes compared to a grasshopper, such things might be up to the patella. (8)
4 Such reputedly are poppers, providing less awe but more slyness. (7)
5 Time for a fancy turn, according to the poet. (6)
6 Fly down, and get smack up! (4)
7 Well, a bunch of sewers might be one answer if told to do so to encompass something. (8,1,6)
12 Figure of speech left up to sailors, with some point. (5)
14 Struck, perhaps, from the inside, and it might be material . . . (5)
17 . . . this also being material, but for ready money only! (8)
18 Bother a few people, being this? (7)
20 Will having one continually keep you dry? (6)
23 By the sound of it, deserves the sort of things Keats wrote about. (4)
25 King, not exactly real, or the one who wrote such as "There once was a . . . ." (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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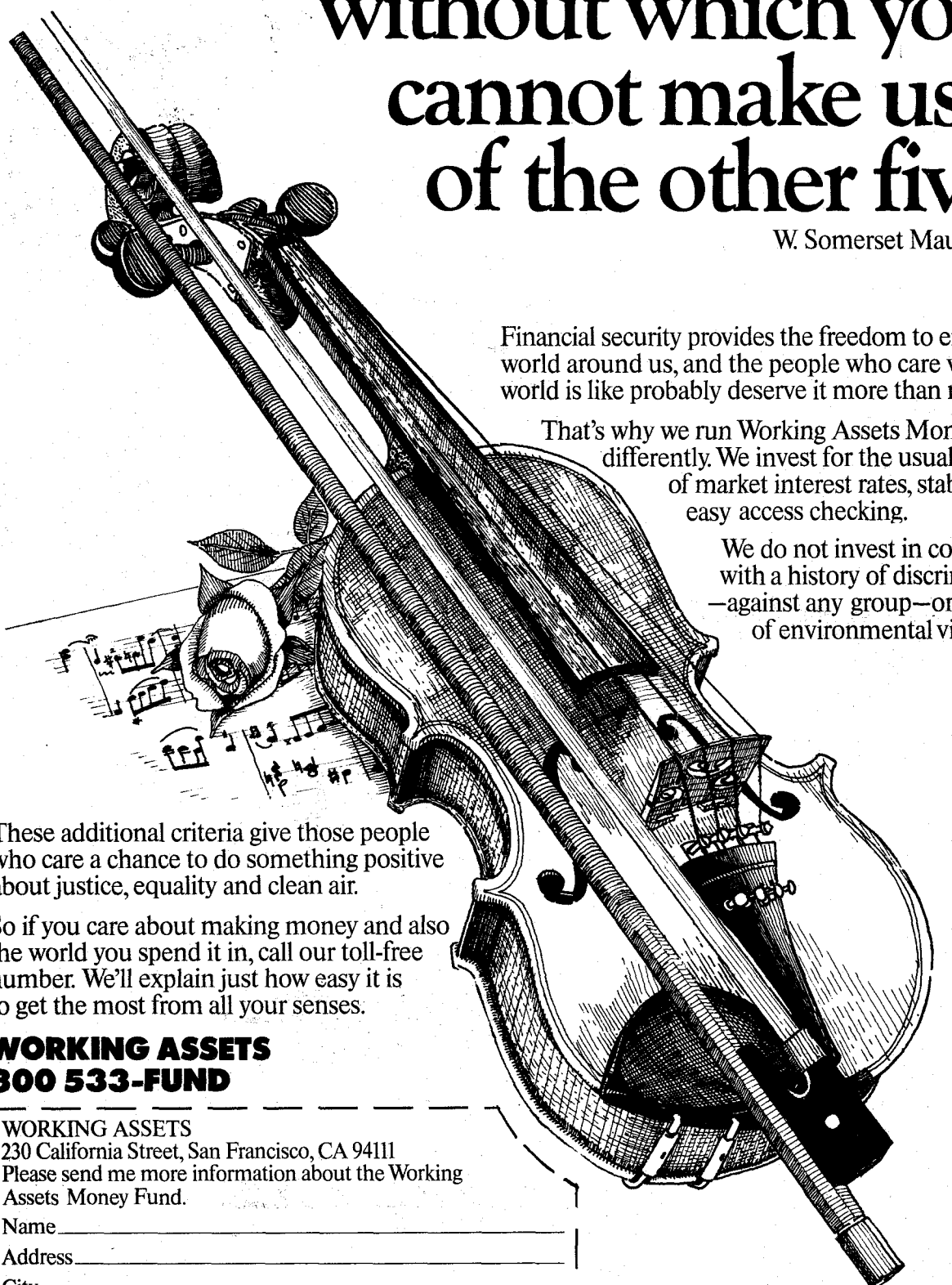
W. Somerset Maugham



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